

BLUSHES



ISSUE THIRTY THREE

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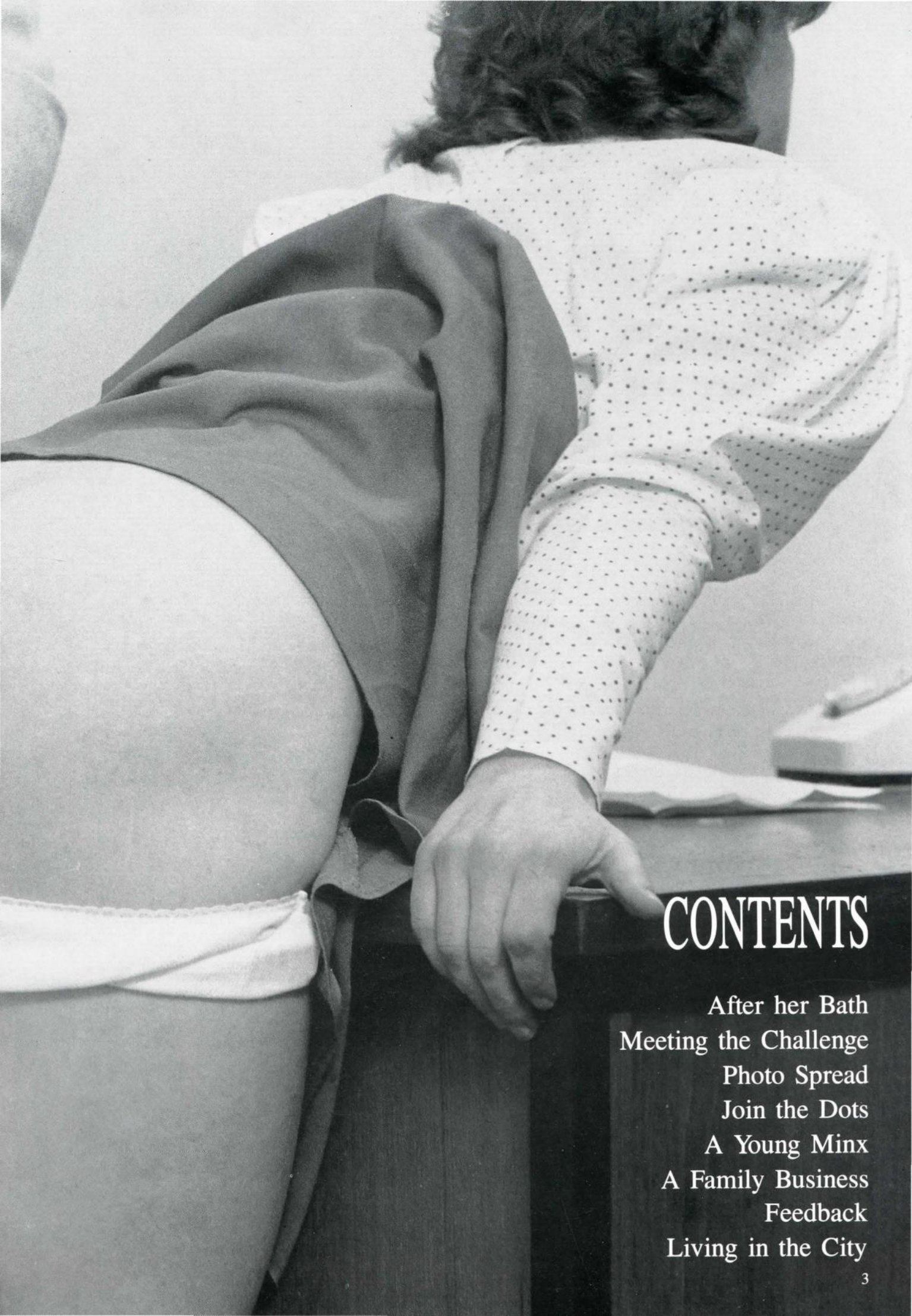
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BLUSHES 33

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After Her Bath



"*Stop!*," she yelled. "*No!*" Her voice urgent and her hand grabbing at the hand which had slid up under her skirt. "I told you *No*. It sent shivers of hot pleasure through her, the heady sensation of a male hand on her warm thigh but she couldn't allow herself that heady pleasure. Not after the disaster of last term. The boy, James, briefly struggled with her but not too insistently. She straightened her skirt, her face hot. "Anyway I've got to get in. Really."

He gave a short, nervous, no doubt frustrated, laugh. "Who says so: your landlord? It's only 10.30." Her hands went up to her hair. "I've got to be in," she said simply. "Hey *don't!*" as he grabbed her again. "Look, if you keep on at that..."

They were parked round the corner from her digs. She said Yes, she would see him tomorrow but not if he kept on messing about. She really had to work this term and wasn't getting involved in *anything* like that. She got out. It was dark, the street poorly lit and deserted. Mr Gamber's house was round the corner and so he couldn't see but she shivered nonetheless. A nervous little wave. Her high heels a staccato clatter on the pavement. *Perhaps* he would have gone to bed. Her hand fumbling in her bag for the key. Perhaps. But she wouldn't want to bet on it.

The door opened with a slight creak that to her keyed-up ears was almost deafening. There was no light on and she didn't put it on. She would tip-toe up...he must have gone to bed.

She had got to the foot of the stairs when suddenly the hall was bathed in what seemed like a thousand watts of light. She gave an involuntary yelp. In the dazzling light was Mr



Gamber. An owlish look behind the glasses. She looked away.

He came close.

'What's this, Susan? Creeping about in the dark. I thought it might be a burglar.'

Mr Gamber of course hadn't thought anything of the sort. He had been waiting for her; waiting silently in the dark. Waiting to pounce. Her heart was pounding, from the shock and from the unwelcome proximity of Mr Gamber. He was unbuttoning her coat.

'What have we been doing, Susan? Mmm? It's late. Out with a young fellow I imagine. A young man who's been getting you all hot, I daresay. Is that it?'

'No!' Her coat was undone and Mr Gamber's hands were on her. There was a frantic urge to push him off but she couldn't. She hadn't wanted to push James away but she had.

Now with horrible Mr Gamber the situation was exactly the reverse. His hands were at the front of her blouse. Her boobs.

'Don't lie, Susan. I know you've been with a young man. I suppose he's been playing with these. And you've let him.'

'No!' she yelped, feeling the sick feeling she always got when Mr Gamber did this, got in at close quarters. But she couldn't do anything about it. She was stuck with Mr Gamber.

She had no choice. Not after last year.

'And we know what you're like, don't we, Susan? After last year.'

The hands were at her tits. Squeezing. She shook her head. Yes, she remembered last year all right. Simon. She had been besotted with him, so much so that her work had gone completely to pieces. She had failed her end of year exams quite abysmally. She had thought, well, I'll pull myself together next year, especially as by now the affair with Simon had cooled off. But it was too late: she was told her grant would be stopped. That was it: finished.

And then Mr Gamber. A girl she vaguely knew had told her. About another girl who had been in the same predicament and there had been this man who had helped. Mr Gamber his name was. At her wits end Susan had gone round to see him. Mr Gamber, middle-aged and of unprepossessing appearance, had stared at her tits. Sitting across from him in his lounge his eyes had been focussed on her tits, and her knees. She could see what he was looking at and it could have told her what he was like but at the time Susan didn't care about his eyes, it was only what he was saying, because she was so desperate. And even if she had thought about it she would still have been eager to agree. Anything was better than the humiliation of having to tell everyone she had been kicked out.

Mr Gamber's plummy voice had said that he could *possibly* help. He knew some of the people at the college. He could *possibly* get her taken on again if he gave an undertaking to be responsible for her work and conduct. She would have to stay with him of course, so that he could keep a proper eye on her. And naturally she would have to follow his rules. To the letter. Susan would have agreed to anything. After what had been staring her in the face it seemed too good to be true.

'You've been with a boy, Susan. Admit it please.' Mr Gamber's hands on Susan's tits squeezed again.

'I...yes but...only to the pictures.'

It was four weeks into the new term. Four weeks of Mr Gamber. He had shown what he was like on the very first day. He had told her what the situation would be. And that first evening, before bed. Up in her room...

'But you haven't come straight from the pictures, Susan. Look at the time. I happen to know what time they finish. You've been somewhere else. Admit it.'

Mr Gamber dragged it out of her. She had sat with James in his car for ten minutes. It really couldn't have been any more than that, Susan told herself. She was close to tears. She knew what was coming; what Mr Gamber would do. Her punishment.

His face was almost touching hers. 'What did you do, Susan. Sex? Were you having sex. In the back seat of that car?' she gasped. 'No!' furiously shaking her head. Mr Gamber's hands went down, at her skirt. 'Let's see here. Let's see if you've got your knickers on.' His hands grabbing her skirt up.

She had her knickers on, of course she did. Because she *hadn't* done anything. Mr Gamber didn't want to believe that,

or pretended not to. 'So you put them on again. Afterwards. Whip them off and then slip them on again.' His hands grabbing at her bottom in her brief knickers, and then one hand in front.

'You're all hot, aren't you, Susan? All hot and steamy. Yes?' He abruptly let go. Stood back a pace. 'So we know what you need. Don't we, young lady.'

Susan didn't answer. She knew what he meant. Mr Gamber's hand came out and pinched her arm. 'Answer, Susan.' She mumbled, 'Yes...Mr Gamber.'

'Go on then. Upstairs. Get your bath. I'll be up in 15 minutes.'

It was what he always said, what always happened whenever he had an excuse. Or half an excuse. Sometimes no excuse at all. A bath and then in her room...

She climbed the stairs trying to blot out the thought of what would shortly happen. He had done it...how many times?

Don't think about it. You might think that after having it, what, twice a week? she might get slightly inured to it but that wasn't the case. Each time was quite as desperate as that first, unbelievable, time. In some ways each time was worse.

She got undressed in her room, putting her clothes neatly away, an automatic action. Her nightdress was under the pillow but she wouldn't need her nightdress yet, not until Mr Gamber had finished. 'Nothing on afterwards, Susan. I want you nude. Is that understood?'

That first time he had said it she had looked wide-eyed. Uncomprehending. There hadn't been any reason that time, except: 'Just to show you what you'll get, Susan. If I have any problems with you. A girl with your record has to be dealt with firmly. You accept that, I am sure.'

She had her bath, the hot water caressing her flesh, relaxing her body. The bath felt good, as it always did in spite of her knowledge of what was to follow. In a few short minutes.

And it meant that when it came, the caning, it was that much worse. Her soft body all relaxed, glowing, in spite of the sharp fear in her mind.

That was why he always made her take a bath first. To make it worse.

She clambered out and roughly dried herself. She couldn't hang about, if she wasn't ready it would be worse. Draped in a towel she went back to her room. She had to be there waiting for him when he came in. Nude except for the towel. Fresh from the hot bath. And then...

She thought briefly of Simon, and last year. It was like another world and that girl so obsessed with him another person, a stranger. That stranger had got her into this: Mr Gamber, and his stinging cane. But if it hadn't been for Mr Gamber things would be even worse. Because even now, with the awful experience of that cane, it was preferable to the humiliation of being kicked out. That was what she told herself. She told herself it again, more fiercely, as Mr Gamber now came in.

The same as usual. His cane in his hand. She bit her lip and looked away. Mr Gamber quietly closing the door behind him. There was nothing to be said, no instructions needed. Susan knew exactly what was to happen, what she had to do. She turned over and lay down, on her front. The green towel was still loosely draped round her middle. Mr Gamber would lift it up...

She clutched at the bedcover. His hand on her glowing bottom. Stroking, and then lightly smacking: once, twice. She gasped out her breath into the cover, trying to calm herself, get herself ready. The first one would come any second now because Mr Gamber didn't hang about. Her fingers tightly gripped the bedcover. She had had it before, all those times, she knew what it was like. But when it came, especially the first one, it was always an awful...

CRACK!...

Oh God! Always, always an awful shock. Her bottom clenching and writhing. A sort of whinnying sound bubbling from her lips. The second would be bad, just as bad, but not quite the same shock. Hang on. Grip the cover. It wouldn't last long, not all that long. It would be over. Sometime. Some number of minutes into the future. And then...

CRACKKK!...

Oh dear Jesus...



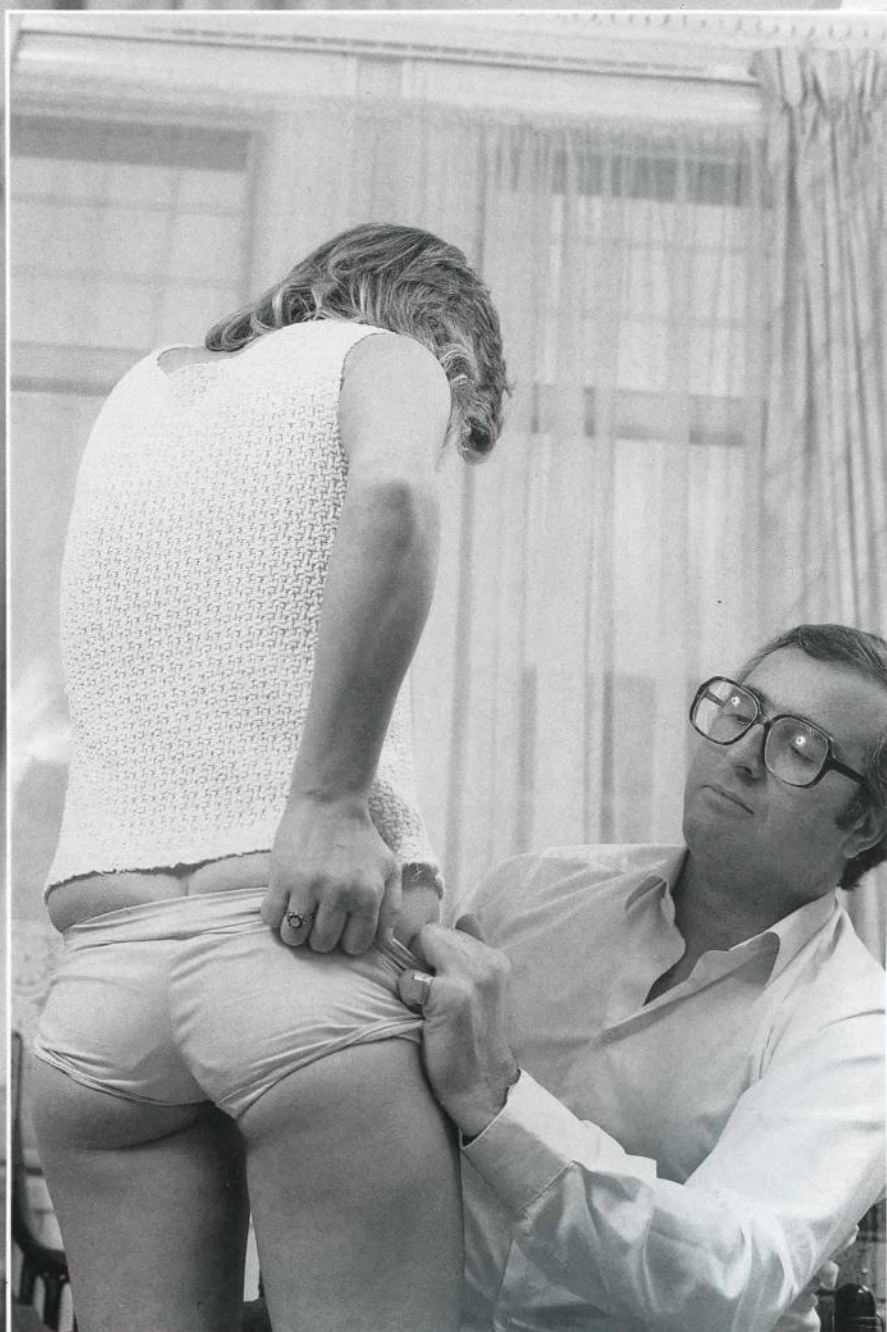
MEETING THE CHALLENGE

The stupid girl. She was standing now in the sheltered corner of the barn, warming her shaking hands around a mug of hot coffee. The others weren't talking to her. John Tilson watched the scene for a while and then rose to his feet. 'Alright. The drama's over. Let's get to bed, everybody.' The small group quietly dispersed into the darkness, Alison in the company of her friend Susan. Tilson dowsed the remaining hurricane lamps, saving one to aid his own journey towards his small tent further down the hillside. It was still raining, but the wind had dropped; and at least everyone now felt warm inside.

Tilson knew that Alison would be trouble. He had sensed it when she and Susan had checked in to the camp. She was tall, strong and healthy, and had soon proved herself to be as fit as the men-folk in the party; but there was that air of childish deceit about her. As if she had enrolled on the course in order to have a good time at everyone else's expense.

Twenty-three years of age. Tilson shook his head. The whole point of these survival courses was the maturity of mind and body. Her body was mature enough. Tilson had checked that out for himself earlier in the day as Alison had worked her way through a demanding schedule of physical exercises. Her cotton teeshirt and flimsy blue shorts revealed a very grown-up female form. But tonight. Despite his own training as a leader, he had felt very angry. All day, he had drummed into the small group of young adults the need for trust, the necessity for each member of the team to be able to trust the others.

'In two days time, we'll be out on the mountains,' he had told them,







pointing across the narrow stretch of water towards the distant peaks. 'And we shall go there as a team.' Throughout the day, he had tested them, assessing each of them, summing up their own unique skills and abilities; the born leaders, the thinkers, the fighters, the careful and the careless. It was an exciting challenge to take a dozen young adults, mould them into a team and take them through the mountains in safety, all in the space of ten days. But Tilson always succeeded. Each new group was a new challenge. And in Alison, he had met this week's problem pupil.

Tilson climbed into his sleeping bag, and turned down the lamp. 'Bloody midnight,' he cursed quietly. 'We'll see if young Alison is still in a mood for jokes tomorrow morning.'

The morning came so soon. It was just a few minutes after seven when









Alison appeared at the entrance to the barn. Tilson watched as one of the young men approached her. He and the girl conversed angrily for a while, and then Tilson crossed the barn to break it up. 'Alright. Get some breakfast. And save your energy for the hike.' The young man shrugged his shoulders, glowered angrily at Alison, and walked away. 'And you, my girl. I want you down at the farmhouse at nine. Understand?' She nodded. After last night, she wasn't quite as popular as she thought she'd be. Even Susan was keeping her distance.

'You have displayed the mentality of a child.' Tilson stood in the centre of the converted farmhouse. Young Alison, still dressed in her tee-shirt and shorts, stared at the floor and blushed. 'Tomorrow, you might have found yourself half way up a sheer rock face; and you'd have been trusting another of our party to hold you there.' He closed the door of the building and bolted it. 'I spend almost an entire day teaching you about dependency and trust, and what do you do?' Alison remained silent. Tilson supplied the answer. 'You choose to let down the whole team.'

Alison had waited until darkness to put her silly plan into operation. Oblivious to the fact that the wind had been gaining in strength for several hours, she decided to play a 'prank' on the others. Just before the rain began to drench the canvas, Alison slipped round to behind the large tent which housed the men in the party, and loosed the main guyropes on one side. The cold rain caused the remaining guys to tighten, and as the force six wind hit them on the hillside, the tent inevitably began to collapse.

Only the quick thinking of their tutor John Tilson had prevented the prank becoming something far more serious. He sat in one of the copious armchairs, inherited from the final tenants of the farmhouse before it had been acquired by the Venture Trust. 'You do realise that Mike has a severe sprain to contend with now?' Alison felt very embarrassed. She remained silent. 'And Peter very nearly broke his arm. If I hadn't caught that main guyline when I did...' For a while, there was total silence in the old building, Alison fidgeting awkwardly as Tilson watched her.

'So what are we going to do with you?' Tilson asked the question, but for the time being, young Alison chose not to respond. 'I can't imagine the rest of your team will want to trust you now. After all, up in the peaks you'll be depending on each other.' He stood up, placed his

hands in his pockets, and walked slowly towards her. 'I can't fine you, can I. Because you were expressly told not to bring any personal valuables with you on this course.' He was close to her now, and looked her straight between the eyes. 'And I can't put you across my knee and give you the hiding you deserve, because you're not a little schoolgirl any more, and you're not my daughter, either.'

Alison felt totally belittled. At twenty-three, she believed herself to be an adult; a very grown-up and experienced young lady. Suddenly, she felt very small, and very junior again. No-one had spoken to her quite like Mr Tilson since her days at school. She just wished the interview would end.

'There's only one course open to me.' Tilson broke the silence once again, and Alison looked up at him, fearful, and relieved. 'I'll put it to the vote. If the rest of our team can trust you, then you can come with us. If not, you can go home.' The decision seemed so final, and so strict. 'Oh no. Oh no, please.' Alison gripped the back of a convenient chair. 'Oh, please. If you do that, those...men, will send me home...' Tilson shook his head. Twenty three years old? He remembered the girl guide camp he'd attended a few years ago. 'Do you know, Alison. I've met more grown-up girl guides than you. You're nothing but an irresponsible child. I'll present the facts to our meeting tonight; and you'll just have to abide by the decision of the group.'

For Alison, the day was long and uneasy. She tried hard to work with the others in the team. In fact, she was as strong and as fit as most of the men, and considerably more intelligent, too. But Tilson kept talking about trust. The need for each member of the closely-knit team to be able to place their well-being in the hands of others. And they kept looking at her. Gradually, she realised that her time at the Venture Training Base was drawing to a close. By night-fall, she knew she would be on her way home. And how the hell did she explain that to her family and friends? Over a quiet and contemplative lunch-break, she considered her plight; and she talked briefly to her only friend, young Susan. By the early afternoon, she knew she would have to go back to Mr Tilson. She dreaded the idea. But it was the only possible way out.

It was easy, getting to see him; but explaining the reason for her visit to the farmhouse was another matter. 'I...um...I am very sorry for what happened last night.' She paused, expecting a further rebuke from her





leader, but Tilson remained quiet. 'You know what you said this morning...well...um...if you ask the others, I know they'll send me home...' Young Alison wished she was at home; she wished she'd never applied for this wretched course; and that she'd never dreamed up such a silly scheme as last night... 'Look. I haven't got any money with me. You know that. And I'll die if you ask the others to vote...about me...please. If you must...' She took a deep breath, and her face turned crimson. '...Please give me that good hiding you talked about.'

Inwardly, privately, John Tilson smiled. From the very first moment he had caught sight of young Alison, he knew she would be a very interesting candidate. He shook his head at her. 'I can't. You're not my child, Alison; and you're not my legal responsibility. You're a big girl now.' Alison bit her lip, displaying her anxiety. '...Alright...I'm an adult...and I give you permission...' Tilson carefully subdued a smile. 'Permission for what?' he knew the answer, but it was important for Alison to state it herself. There was silence for a moment. '...Permission for you to...give me a good hiding...' Her voice sounded soft and child-like. Tilson was shaking his head again. 'No. Permission for me to deal with you as I see fit. Yes?' Sadly, Alison agreed. Tilson asked her to say the words aloud. 'Yes. I...I give you permission to...to deal with me...as you see fit...'

Tilson returned to the settee, and sat down. 'Come here, Alison.' She looked at him, and saw he was patting his knee. His arms looked frightfully strong; and his hands were large and hardened by the open air. She scurried towards him like a

schoolgirl. 'Over my knee.' It
command, intoned in a quiet
dent voice. Her face burning red,
Alison scrambled across his knee and

felt Mr Tilson's large hand across the
roundness of her bottom. 'Keep
your hands away.' Another quiet
firm command. The voice of



felt his strong cold hands around her
waist, lifting her, positioning her un-
til her feet were well off the floor
and her head was almost touching
the carpet on the other side. She

authority. She responded
immediately.

Tilson slipped his long fingers
under the elastic of the girl's shorts
and in one quick flick of his wrist



realised her tee-shirt had ridden up,
and she tried to pull it back down
towards the waistband of her shorts.
She froze in her attempts when she

pulled the thin fabric down to the
girl's lower thighs. More carefully he
tugged the shorts further down un-
til they rested around her knees; and





her round fleshy bottom was completely bared and awaiting his attention.

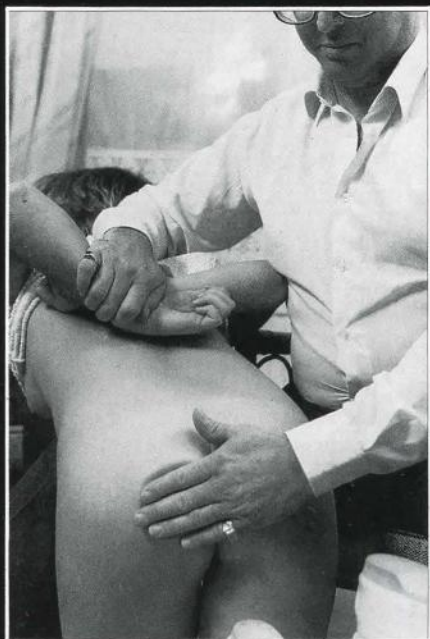
'When did someone last spank your bottom, Alison?' she was already blushing too deeply to reply in any clear way. '...Ages...' Tilson tapped the bare bouncy flesh gently. 'Pity you haven't grown up emotionally and mentally, that is...' He waited a full thirty seconds or more, watching Alison's bare bottom cheeks twitching occasionally in anticipation. 'I'll teach you to play tricks on my team,' he said quietly. Alison heard him and shivered. Tilson raised his hand and slapped the girl firmly across the full roundness of her left buttock. She produced a short yelp and jumped a little as he had expected her to; but he took his time, and waited as a faint pink tinge appeared across her flesh. He raised his hand again and slapped the other buttock, watching as a corresponding aura of pink appeared in the shape of his hand.

'Now stand up.' Alison twisted her head around in surprise. 'Come on, girl. Get up.' She scrambled to her feet, brushing the hair away from her face, the crimson of embarrassment still glowing in her cheeks. She stooped to rescue her shorts, which lay tangled around her ankles. 'Stand up, Alison. Don't bother with those.' She stood upright again and tried to pull her teshirt down in front of her. 'Put your hands on your head, young lady.' Tilson smiled to himself as he watched her, a very well developed young lady with some very grown-up curves in some very interesting places, blushing with embarrassment.

'You've got a good firm bottom, my lass.' It was not the sort of compliment Alison wished for or expected. 'I doubt whether my hand would ever make much of an impression, Alison. But this might...' She stood rooted to the spot as the man produced a wooden table-tennis bat and waved it in front of her. A well-worn, well-polished oval of flat wood, with a shaped moulded handle. 'Jesus Christ...' Alison's eyes grew wide as she imagined the impact of the bat across her bare bottom. And then the man was holding her by her arm, firmly, leading her across the room, pushing her down across the table, lifting her bodily until she was sprawled across the table, face down, and bottom up. He pulled her tee-shirt up well clear of her bottom and clutched the weighty bat in his right hand. 'By the time I've finished with you, young lady, we'll be able to light the barn with the glow from your bottom.' She tried to talk to him, offer him a compromise, but he refused to listen.







'Look, please...' she asked him again, but suddenly the smooth hard bat swung down and impacted across the centre of her bottom with dramatic results. She burst into tears and reached behind her, as if trying to shield her bottom from any further smacks of the bat; but Tilson calmly held her wrists within the grasp of his free hand, and by lifting her arms slightly, forced her back against the table-top.

That night, the whole team met briefly in the barn before an early night. The next four days would be spent on the mountains. They laughed and joked, and enjoyed the team spirit; and just as they prepared to leave for their tents, Tilson rapped the table with a coffee mug. 'Just one moment, lads and lasses.' The group fell silent and gathered in a small semi-circle around their tutor. 'I'm sure I don't need to say this, but Alison has told me she greatly regrets what happened last night. She promises it won't happen again. Isn't that right, Alison?' In the lamplight, a twenty three year old blushed crimson yet again and tried to smile at the men and women around her. It was Mike who limped towards her as they walked across the dark field. He gave her a playful slap across her bottom and was surprised by the resultant squeal. 'Don't worry, love. You're forgiven.' She winced, and he saw her pained expression in the moonlight. 'Well that's not the way to show it.'

He wondered about pursuing the subject, but it was late, and the day ahead would be demanding. In any case, he knew all about his Uncle John and his methods of dealing with young female upstarts. 'Sleep tight.' He told her, and gave her bottom one final slap. 'Face down, I suggest.'





Those days seemed always to have been sunny days, as he remembered them; they couldn't all have been so, of course, but memory functions selectively, and his chose to bathe his recollections of those hours in the little room, in the warm yellow light of Hovis afternoons in mid-summer.

The window would have been open with the sweet tang of new-mown grass sharp in the still air; she would be naturally fresh-scented, the smell of her hair delicate in his nostrils as he stood behind and guided her, with a hand at either of her hips, to stand before the table over which she was to be caned.

He could see — could see even now — the wide expanse of grass beyond the window, and old Fred sitting on the big motor mower, it's pattering and clattering muted by distance, his workman's cap on his head come rain or shine; and he could hear behind him, as he stood at the window, the sibilant 'shush' of cotton knickers being slipped hesitantly, resentfully, down over satin-skinned bottom-cheeks. The little scrape of the table's legs against the floor as she lowered her weight on to it; the sound of the toes of her shoes as she straightened her legs and tried to settle herself, nervous as she is, and blush-cheeked as she will be when he turns round and she lifts her eyes to meet his.

Big eyes and wide with apprehension. She blinks once, and her lower lip is trembly.

The cane is on the table beside her, where she will have seen it when she came in and will have had to look at it as she stood before the table and reached up under her skirt to pull her knickers down. His hand reaches for the cane — it rattles quietly as he picks it up. He hears the soft intake of her breath, sees the faint wobble of her bare bottom as she presses her thighs close together and her toes push involuntarily against the floor.

The cane is in his hand, and is playing with the plumpness of her buttocks. The firm pink cheeks, toying with her vulnerability, raising a little higher, flicking a little harder, making her suck in a breath because she knows what's coming —

'Drunk our Horlicks, have we?'

'Eh?'

'Got to drink it all up, then you can have your pill.'

The girl in the pink — bare bottom pink — overall swooshed away to the old gentleman in the next armchair, hips swinging and a hint of knickers under her nylon uniform. A bottom he'd like to have caned, if he'd still had his little room, and the authority he'd had then, and the vigour in his old bones to swing a cane properly.

Ah well — perhaps the sun will come out tomorrow, and he'll be able to sit out in the conservatory and remember how the days had always seemed to be sunny, a long time ago.

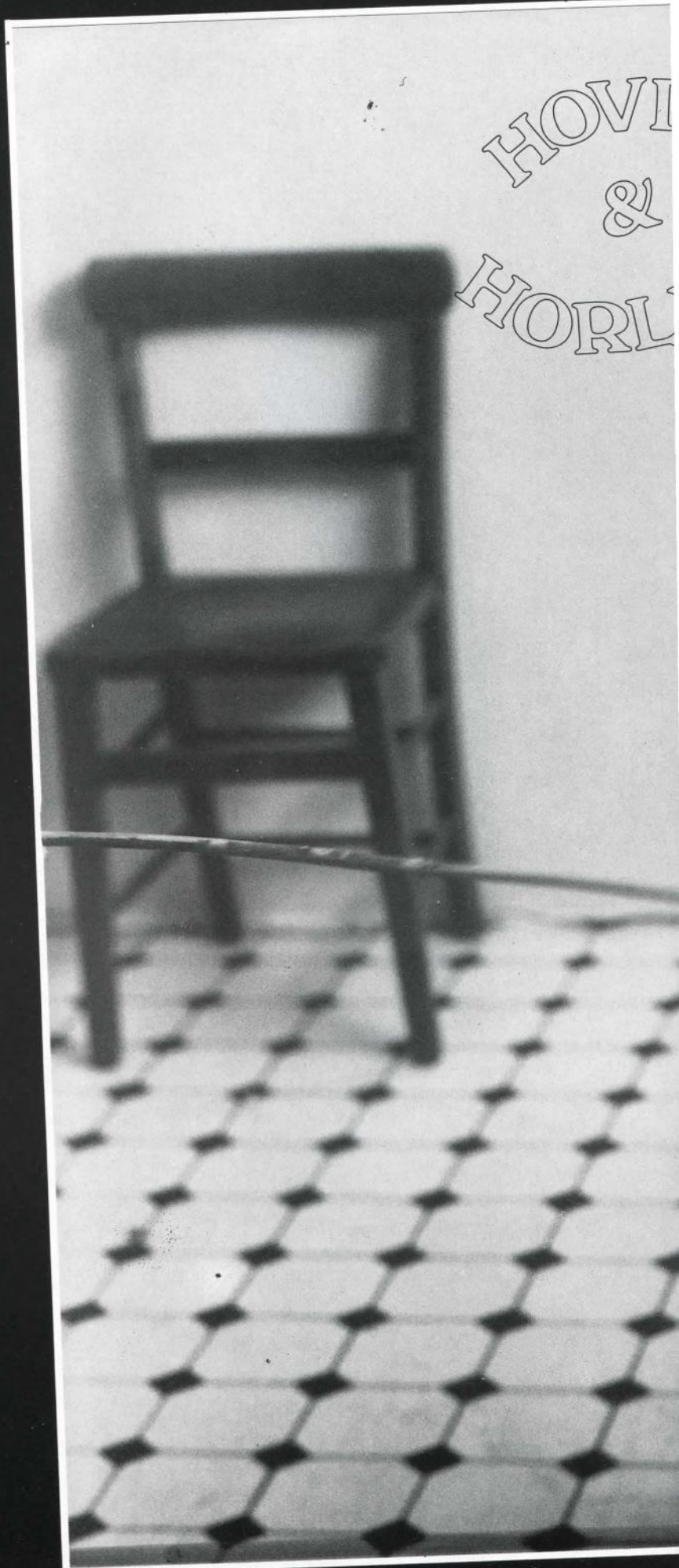




PHOTO SPREAD

With a pot of tea brewing at his side Arnold Lumfield opened his magazine. There had been a particular set of photos that had caught his eye as he leafed through it in the shop. A girl with glasses. You might not think a girl with glasses would be attractive but this one was. You tended to see the glasses of course which were large with pale frames but if you forgot them for a moment and looked at her face you saw a pretty girl with the glasses giving her that extra interest, an intelligent, studious look. She could be a college student perhaps. She had a very pretty face but in all the shots where you could see her face it was showing various expressions of anguish. Mouth wide open, grimacing. Did she do that simply for the photos, acting that he was hurting her, or was it really hurting?

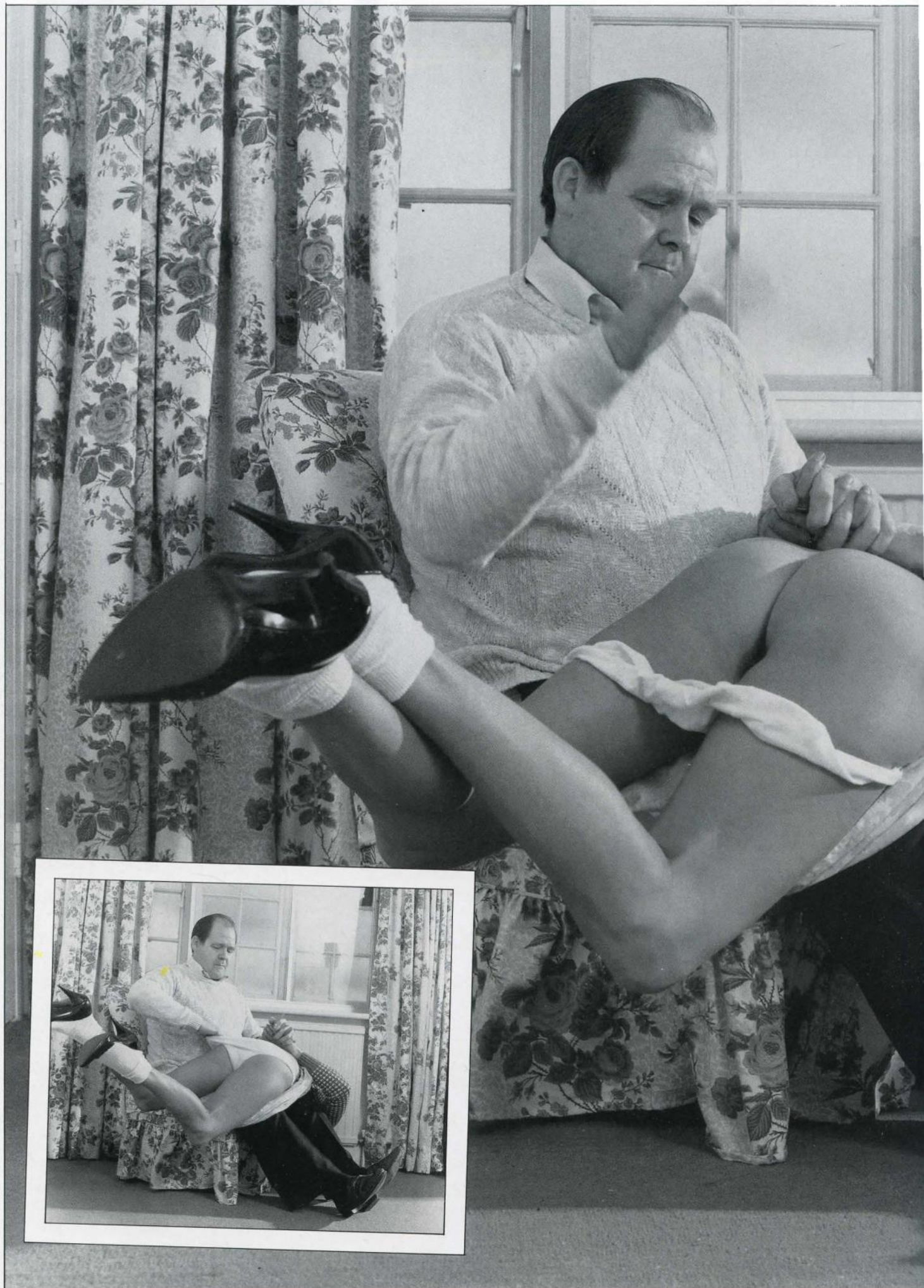
The man was smacking her bum of course. She was over his lap and he had one of her arms twisted behind her back to keep her there. He had her skirt up and her knickers pulled down to bare her bottom. The man was really walloping her bare bum and she was struggling, flailing her legs, and the pretty face with the glasses was showing those various expressions of sharp pain, anguish.

Arnold examined all the photos closely, while his pot of tea stood forgotten, stewing away. It really was about the best set of shots he had seen. There was a real life to them, you could believe what was happening. She was dressed in ordinary sort of clothes, clothes that you could believe in and not some outlandish gear that you knew a girl wouldn't really wear. The shiny black high-heeled shoes with white ankle socks were perhaps a bit unusual but not annoyingly so: they added spice. As most definitely did the glasses. Of course there was her bottom. The bottom was naturally the main focus in such pictures but it was essential for the best shots that everything else was right. Her bum was marvellous: you could almost feel your own hand splatting into it. In some of the shots you were given a view of hair. In two of them a pretty view of her quim.

Arnold's tea remained forgotten. The









man in the photos could almost be himself. Perhaps a few years younger but an ordinary looking chap, going a bit bald. What was the relationship? Was he her boss? But that didn't seem to fit. Her landlord? That was more like it. The shots had a domestic atmosphere. And it fitted in with the glasses. She was a student at college and he was her landlord. She couldn't pay the rent. Frittered her grant away on this and that and then at the end of the month had none left for the rent. So she paid in kind. She didn't like it — you could see that from her face — but it was better than going deep in debt, or being kicked out of her digs.

Arnold looked up from the magazine. He had from time to time toyed with the idea of letting a room but never gone further than that. Too much bother and he didn't really need the money. And somehow he had never thought in the terms he was thinking now. He didn't know why not. Why *hadn't* he thought of it before? A girl like this one in the magazine. A pretty girl with glasses. A pretty girl with a mouth-watering bottom...who would have problems with the rent from time to time.

You're daydreaming, Arnold told himself. Fantasies. Well perhaps he was. But even so there was nothing to be lost...

* * *

He didn't fancy the first one that came round in answer to his ad, so he said the room was already taken. He didn't fancy the second one either. Suddenly Arnold's idea did seem like a pipe dream. The third one was nice, though, a sweet little blonde. He could fancy her all right, he could imagine taking her knickers down. He was on the point of saying yes but something stopped him. Arnold kicked himself as soon as she had gone. Probably there would be no one else half as good.

There was another call though. Stephanie Milford she said over the phone. She'll be awful, Arnold was sure. But when she came...

He couldn't believe his eyes. It was the girl in the magazine. Arnold's eyes almost popped from his head. He stood speechless as she waited on the doorstep. There was no doubt about it, he had studied those pictures often enough. This girl was the one. The girl over that bloke's lap. He had seen her bare bum, had had a glimpse of what was between those thighs under that skirt. It was all in the magazine in his desk. He felt almost sick with excitement.

Somehow he was showing her the room, and the rest of the house. Eager to point out all the best features in the fear that she might possibly say it wasn't what she wanted. She seemed a pleasant, friendly girl. You couldn't possibly dream that she would be posing for those photos. That she could go in front of a

camera and get over that bloke's lap. And let him take down her knickers and wallop her bare bum. And no doubt in the process do a bit of groping as well. Get his hand between her legs...no, all that didn't seem possible — but she was the same girl. That dark curly hair, the firm featured face. The glasses of course giving her that intelligent look. Her legs...

Arnold had stood aside to let her go first up the stairs. To get a good look at her legs. She was wearing high heels and stockings, not those ankle socks which no doubt the magazine had supplied. Lovely legs disappearing up under her dark skirt which was tight over her bottom. That bottom...Arnold felt a dryness in his throat — and a constricting tightness in the front of his trousers.

Downstairs in his lounge Arnold mentioned a price. A good deal less than he had planned but on the other hand it had to be something sensible — otherwise she would think he was a Dirty Old Man eager to get his hands on her. Arnold held his breath. She was smiling, the dark eyes bright behind the glasses. The mouth that was stopped by the camera wide with anguish opening...

'Oh yes. That would be super.'

What was he going to do? How exactly...? She had left. She was going to come round with her things tomorrow. Arnold looked again at the pictures. Yes, no doubt about it. But it still seemed impossible. The girl who had just left showed absolutely no sign of being capable of this: showing her bum, and everything else, in a magazine. And wouldn't she be nervous that people would see and recognise her? Arnold had got his copy in London, you couldn't buy it locally, but other blokes went to London too.

There was nothing for it. He had to be bold, no point hanging about. If the Gods had presented this offering in his lap the least he could do was seize it with both hands. And what was wrong with tomorrow, her very first day?

'I'll make a pot of tea,' Arnold said when she arrived, trying to keep the nervous excitement out of his voice. 'Come down when you've packed your things away.'

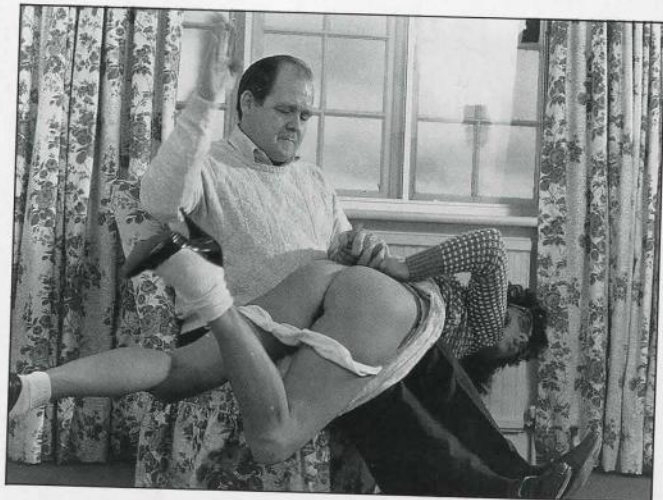
His pot of tea again only this time it wasn't going to be ignored and left to stew. It was the excuse to bring her into his den. He poured out, hands a bit shaky. The magazine was under the cushion of his chair. All this was unbelievable. She took the tea, with a friendly little smile. She was even more spicy than in the photos. In the flesh. Arnold thought of flesh...her bottom. Keep calm. His trousers had become much too tight again. *Say it.*

'A pretty girl like you...' his words not very coherent. 'Modelling...'

She looked blank. A nervous laugh from Arnold. 'Anyway I've *seen* you.'

She was a good actress, no doubt about it. Her face still blank, uncomprehen-





ding. OK. Arnold reaching for the magazine. He wouldn't normally think of showing it to a girl, it was intended for a gentleman's pleasure. But *she was in it*.

Arnold pushed it across the coffee table. Open. 'There....'

He watched her face go scarlet. Well, not surprising. 'Great shots,' he said. 'Marvellous.'

Stephanie looked up. A shocked, disbelieving look on her face. 'What...is it? Where did you get it?'

'I bought it. What d'you think?'

'Oh God,' she gasped. 'It...it's Fiona. My sister.'

Her twin sister. So she said. 'Oh God, how *could* she,' Stephanie wailed.

'Where did you *get* it?'

They were virtually identical, Stephanie said when she'd got over the first shock. Not completely but almost. Arnold could believe it. They looked *the same*. And the glasses were different, she pointed out. Yes, the glasses *were* different, a minor difference in the frame, Arnold had to admit that.

'What if people buy it? Boys at the college. Lecturers...'

That clearly was a problem but Arnold didn't think it was in his interest to stress that. You couldn't get it locally, he said. He was sure she would be OK. He, Arnold, certainly wouldn't show it to anyone else. For a price of course.

Well he wasn't going to be cheated out of it, was he? That marvellous bum. The one in the magazine — and if it wasn't Stephanie's hers would be 'virtually identical'. Think of it. What she was sitting on right now. No, she wouldn't want to be unfriendly. They were together in this, their fantastic little secret. Give her a day or two first.

Two days in fact. Arnold couldn't wait any longer. Another pot of tea in his lounge. He had not let the matter be idle of course. Queries. 'Does she do a lot of that sort of thing?' etc. Stephanie claimed not to know. She saw hardly anything of her sister nowadays, but Fiona had always been a bit, well, wild. Arnold's nervous laugh. 'You wouldn't do anything of that sort yourself, Stephanie? If you were hard-up say...'

Naturally she said she wouldn't dream of it. It took an effort but over a second cup Arnold got to his point. 'Why didn't they try it? Him and Stephanie. 'For a bit of fun, of course.'

Of course. Perhaps she had been half expecting it. Arnold *had* kept referring to the subject whenever he'd seen her. And he *had* bought the magazine and therefore must have an interest in that sort of thing.

Naturally *she tried to refuse*. He must be joking. Etc. But once he'd actually said it Arnold had the bit between his teeth. And he did have the whip hand, so to speak, although he didn't want to be nasty. Stephanie was after all a very nice, very attractive girl. He could real-



ly fancy her. As a girl, a person. Apart from her bottom. But there was her bottom and there *were* the pictures. And any bloke who fancied that sort of thing, as Arnold did...

Grinning — and not so nervously now. 'Come on, Stephanie. Just a bit of fun.' Stephanie didn't want to. It was hardly surprising — a girl wouldn't if she'd never done it before. This wasn't that brazen Fiona in the magazine, it was nice Stephanie, who had never dreamt of this sort of thing. That made it even more mind-blowing. Arnold's anatomy was threatening to burst from his trousers. He was insisting. 'Landlord's privilege. Like that bloke in the magazine.'

Poor Stephanie. 'I wouldn't have believed you could be so *awful*.' Arnold was undismayed. He felt no shame.

Stephanie reluctantly accepting the situation. She needed to keep Mr Lumfield sweet. Getting up and going round the coffee table. Getting down over his

lap. Arnold was almost too excited to do the necessary. But he did. She had a full skirt on today so there was no problem of access. Her knickers were white, very similar to those her sister had worn in the photos. Arnold pulling them down. Oh dear. It was almost too much. He wasn't going to have the accident, was he? Put that out of his mind. Concentrate his mind on the business: spanking. Stephanie yelping as the first one splatted down. He got her arm behind her back like the bloke in the magazine; getting a good grip on her. And then...

It was like smacking a solid jelly. Springy and elastic but solid at the same time. Fantastic. Out of this world. Stephanie was yelping, gasping. As Arnold's hand rose and fell. Her pristine bottom. Getting it for the first time. And he was going to be able to do it whenever he wanted to.

A week later Stephanie said, 'I think I'll tell you something. Mr Lumfield.'

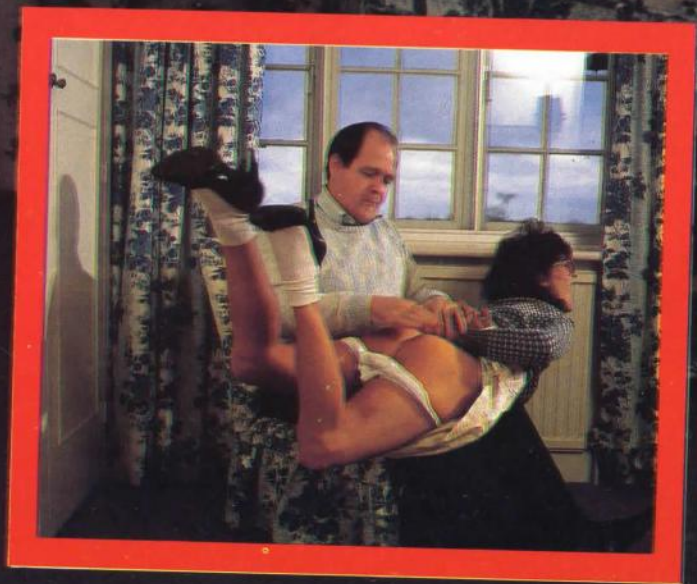
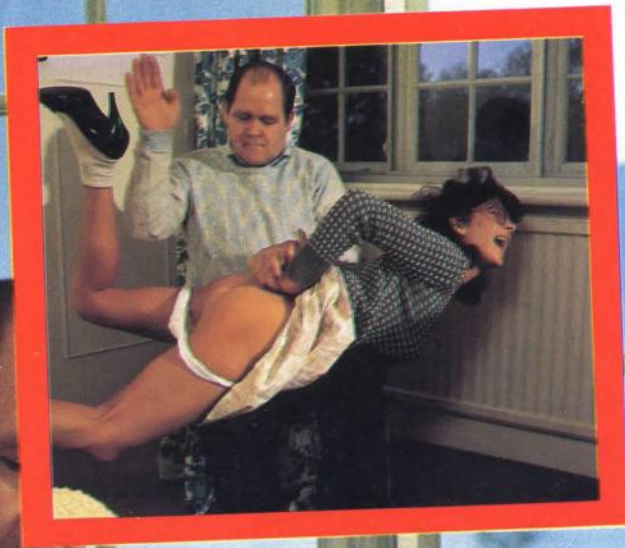
She was in bed with Arnold at the time. Yes, things can sometimes develop rather rapidly; and intimacy in spanking can lead into intimacy in other areas. 'Now we're like this I might as well tell you.'

'Like this' presumably referred to their being in bed where Arnold had just screwed her. 'I told you a little lie,' she said. 'I don't really have a sister.'

Arnold was still in the drugged-like state which can follow indulgence in vigorous sexual intercourse. So the shock effect was less than it might have been.

'It was me,' she said. 'But that rotten bloke...he said they were for a German mag. They wouldn't come out here. He promised... Bloody hell!'

Arnold couldn't take it in. His mind spinning. 'What about your glasses?' he asked. Stephanie said, 'Oh, I've got two pairs. Look: you couldn't go and buy up all those copies, could you? Would it cost much?



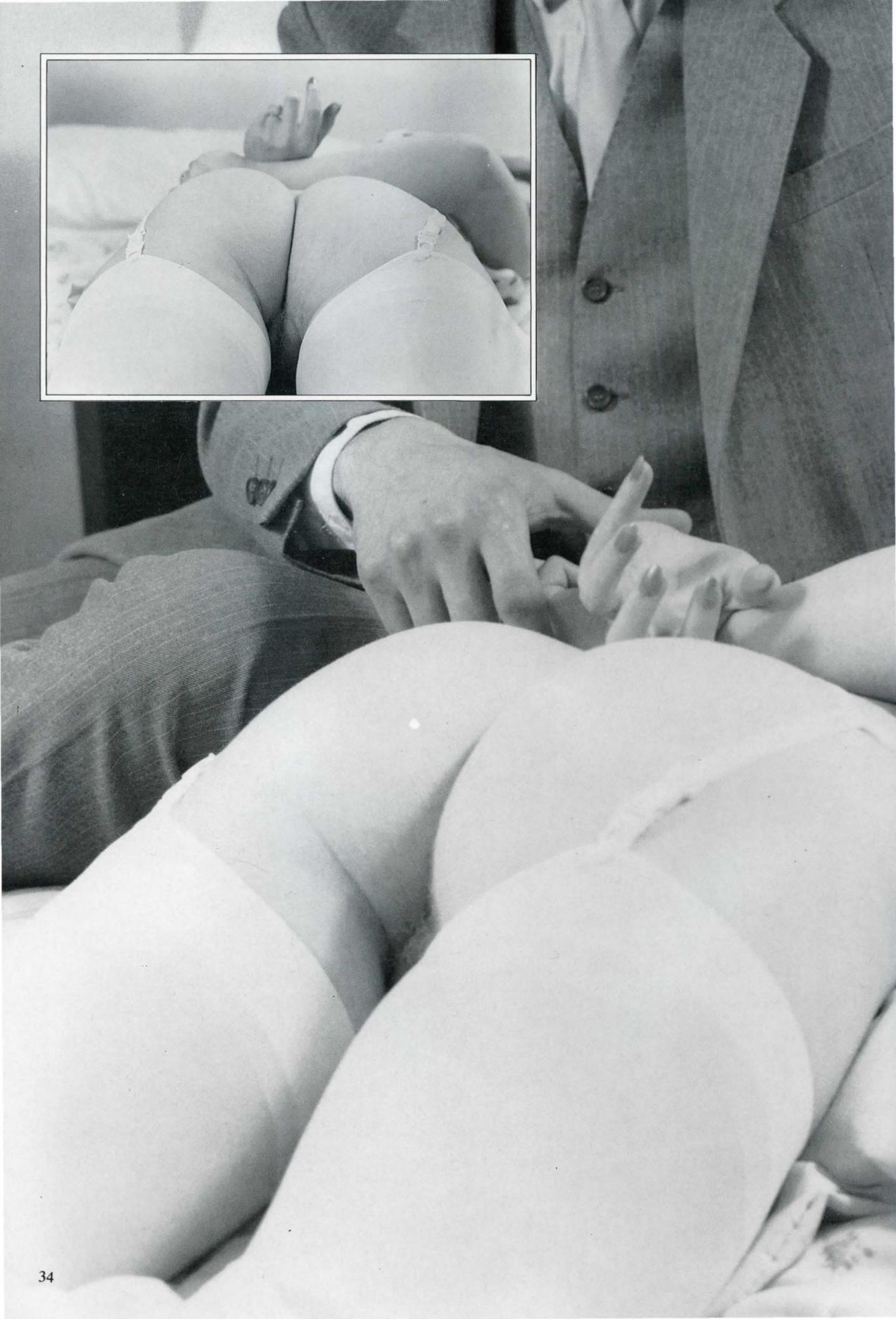


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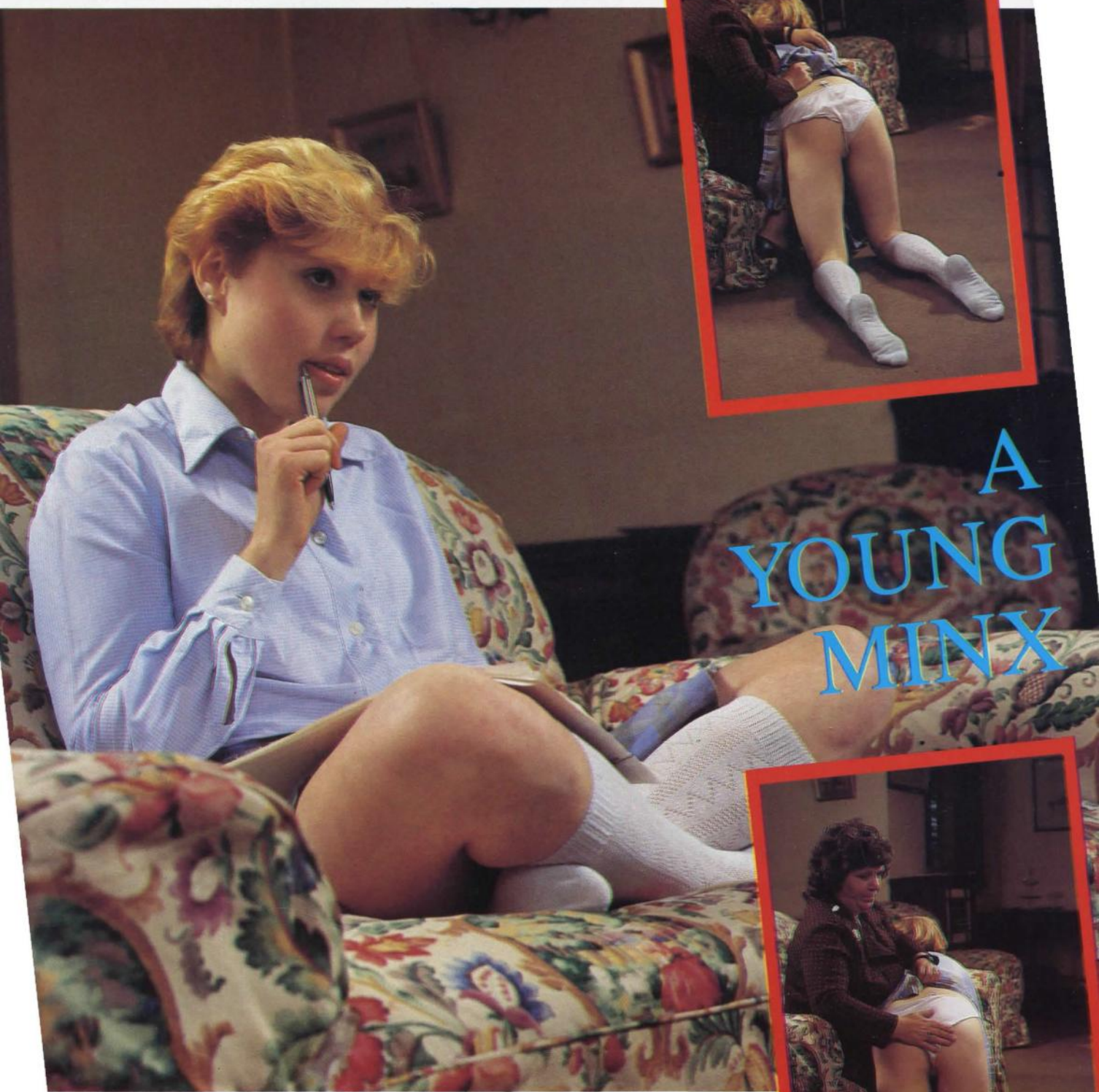












A YOUNG MINX



That young Sharon,' said Harry. 'A minx. A choice young creature but a minx. That way she walks.'

His wife gave him a look. 'Don't tell me you're getting interested in those young ones, Harry. Not at your age.'

'Not interested. Oh no, not that. Well I might be interested in that pretty young bum of hers. I wouldn't mind giving it a good paddling, which is exactly what it needs. I'd be interested in *that*. Young

minx.'

'She's not that young,' observed Mavis. 'Nineteen, twenty —'

'I know how old she is. An awkward age for a girl. And I can see her getting into a deal of trouble if she's not careful. Unless someone pulls her up short. A good wallop. She's never had it of course.'

Mavis gave the fire an energetic poke. An owlish look at Harry. 'Well I don't

know that I should tell you what I was going to tell you, Harry.'

'What's that then?'

Mavis shook her head. 'I said I didn't know that I should tell you.' And for a full 30 seconds she didn't.

'Well, I saw her mother in the shop. They're going away she said. Her and

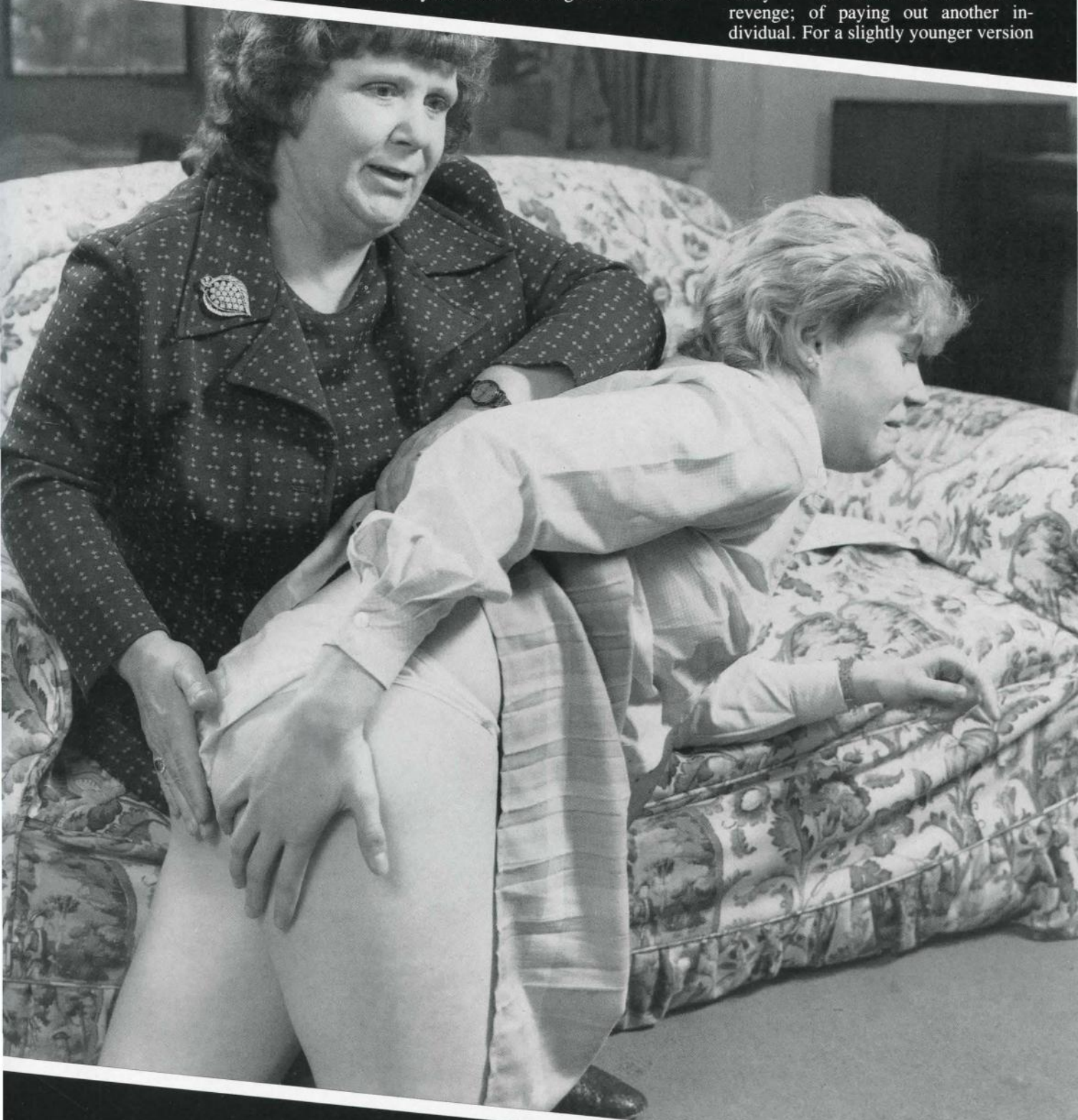
'Yes?' prodded Harry, all eager now. 'Go on.'

A bland smile from Mavis. 'Well I don't really know that I should have. Not after you saying what you did. But I said we could have her. For the week. It's only a week.'

'Cor!' breathed Harry. He could see in his mind vivid and heady scenes. Harry had an active imagination. He had

ning intelligence that Mavis had conveyed, that certain of those scenes might be translated into hard reality? Well, if he was to be *in charge* of young Sharon. That young minx. 'Cor....'

As it happened the visions in Harry's head were to a certain extent mirrored in the mind of Mavis. Not so much in terms of sensual pleasure — well, not really — but rather the emotion of revenge; of paying out another individual. For a slightly younger version



Mr Calfield but not Sharon. She was saying as how she didn't like to leave Sharon by herself what with all these things you can hear nowadays. She would like to know Sharon was all right. Well, that's natural.'

exercised it on more than one occasion in the past in respect of Sharon Calfield. Those imaginative scenes swam before his eyes. He experienced a surge of excitement. Was it possible, with this stun-

of the present 19 year old Sharon had seen fit to cheek Mavis Birtling on a couple of occasions. Nothing terribly serious

but sufficient for those couple of incidents to be committed to Mavis's retentive memory. Mavis pictured her own pleasing scenes. No, it was not true to say there was no sensual pleasure attached to them: there was considerable sensual pleasure. She could almost feel the crisp *Splatt!* as her open palm smacked sharply down...

* * *

Sharon Calfield: 'No Mum. Not that

parents' absence. It included spending extended periods with a certain Derek Fingford. Periods of night-time as well as daylight hours. Derek Fingford was in love with her and Sharon *might* be in love with him, though it wasn't easy to be sure. Her parents did not approve of young Mr Fingford who was no more than the butcher's assistant. And there was also Sharon's boss, Mr Alright, of

might also let him see her in the evening, when she wasn't seeing Derek. Oh yes, Sharon could have a very busy and interesting time while her parents were away. But having to stay with the Birtlings — well that would certainly cramp a girl's style. Her mother however said it was all decided.

Sharon said something not very nice,



Mrs Birtling. Why...?'

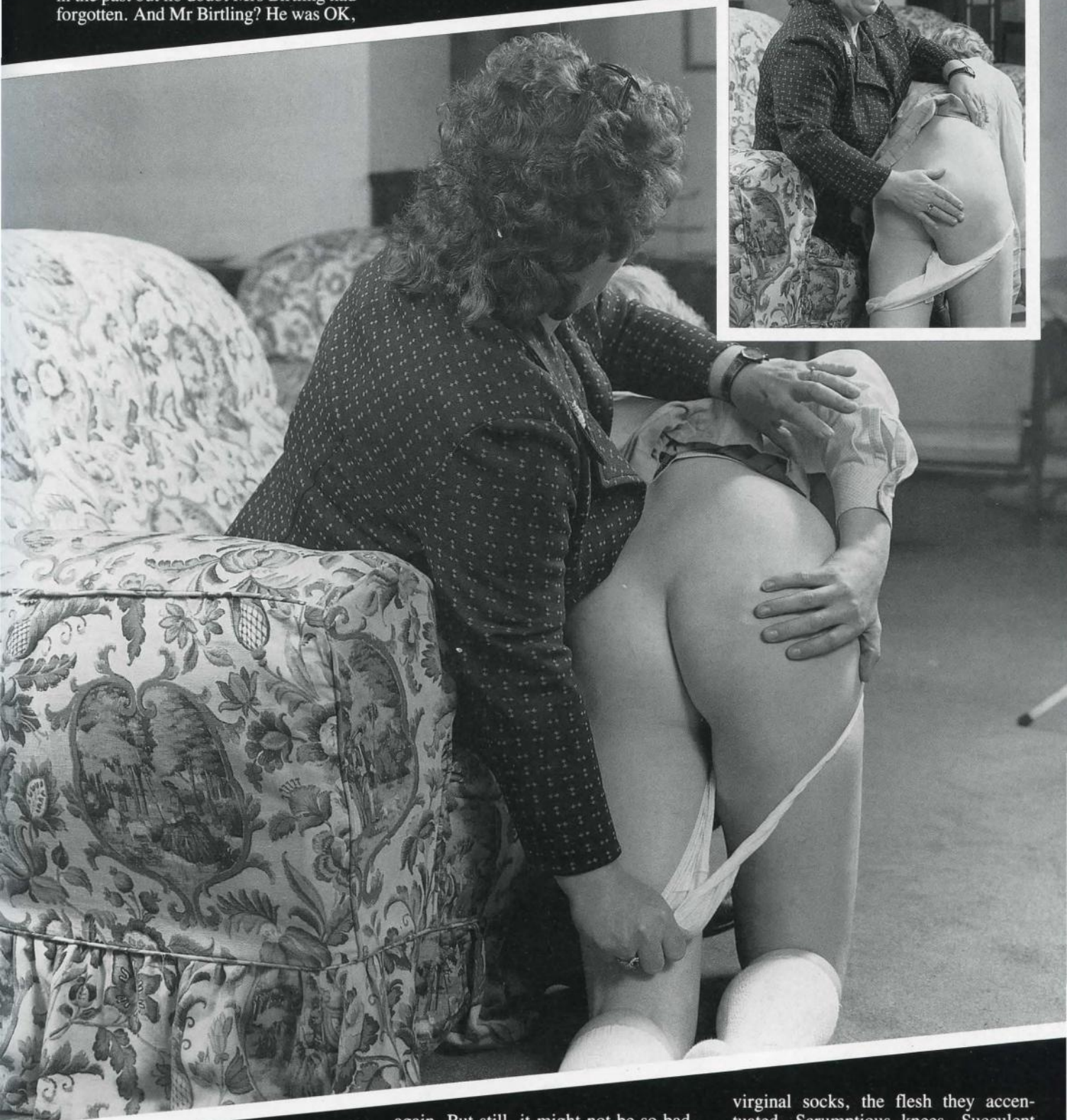
Sharon, naturally, had her own idea of how she wished to spend the week of her

Alrights, Chemists and Toiletry Purveyors. Mr Alright was quite keen on Sharon and sometimes liked to take her out for a drive in the country, which certainly beat standing behind a counter. She

not at all ladylike. Not the sort of thing one would expect to come from those full, rather innocent looking, pink lips, unless of course one knew Sharon intimately. But it looked as if she would have to make the best of it. Perhaps it

wouldn't be too bad, perhaps the Birtlings would leave her to her own devices, after all why should they bother what she was doing? That Mrs Birtling...she *had* been a bit rude to her a couple of times in the past but no doubt Mrs Birtling had forgotten. And Mr Birtling? He was OK,

favours, a girl had to be realistic. But they were *all* after that sort of thing. Mr Birtling. Yes, she was pretty sure he fancied her. What was he thinking, having her come to stay? Well, he could think



a cheery smile whenever she saw him. Sharon tended to get cheery, friendly smiles from most men. She was well aware that they found her very attractive. Of course a girl knew what they were thinking, what they would like to do. A one-track mind some of them had. Well look at Mr Alright. But Mr Alright was her boss and so would expect certain

again. But still, it might not be so bad.

* * *

Harry Birtling: 'Those socks!'

Harry's eyes were on the socks, certainly. Splendid dazzlingly white knee socks which can do an awful lot for a girl's legs, accentuating as it were the soft fleshiness of the flesh. Yes his eyes were eyeing the socks but more than the

virginal socks, the flesh they accentuated. Scrumptious knees. Succulent thighs.

Sharon was sitting cross-legged on the settee, a thoughtful look in her big blue eyes, her pen held reflectively up to that soft, vulnerable looking mouth. Sweet bare thighs that made a man's head buzz, thighs that he could almost imagine sinking his teeth into. The thighs, their silky inner sides, could be seen right up to where a girl's thighs start, or finish.

Where there was the briefest, mouth-wateringest, crotch of a pair of brief knickers as virginally white as the socks.

ner slopes of Sharon's thighs.

'Yes, Mr Birtling. I do yoga. I have a book on it and I've been to classes as well. Would you like to see some?'

Without actually waiting for an answer

The brief white knickers were skin-tight and now seemed to be partially transparent. There it was, plain for the eye to see. Sharon's...well, her...

Harry gazed at it, with an intensity that in another form would have burnt the skimpy knicks right off of Sharon. But



Modestly, at Mr Birtling's appearance, Sharon pushed down her skirt over this ultimate delight, though making sure he had first had a good look. She smiled her sweetest smile, keeping her knees wide apart, the thighs for the most part still on show.

'They're my yoga socks, Mr Birtling. I wear them for yoga.'

'Yoga.' Harry repeated the word as if it were new to him. In fact his mind was where his eyes were: on the smooth in-

Sharon put her pen and books down — her evening class in accountancy — and got up. And proceeded, with her hands for support, to stand on her head in front of Harry. Naturally her full skirt fell down, about her upper body and head. Harry's lower jaw dropped open. Not content with what she was already showing, Sharon, teetering slightly, parted her legs. Harry could not believe his eyes.

his hot gaze was almost immediately interrupted by two things. The first was the abrupt entrance into the lounge of his wife, and the second was Sharon falling over. As she explained, seconds later, in an unhappy heap on the floor, she was not yet really expert.

Sharon Calfield: 'No! No. Really. I

don't...Anyway.'

The 'Anyway' referred to what had happened a little earlier, at the Birtlings. This 'Anyway' was for a second going to preceed Sharon's indignant recounting of that unbelievable happening to Mr Alright, but she quickly decided against it. It was absolutely *too humiliating*. That bitch Mrs Birtling. *Who did she think she*

Mrs Birtling had unbelievably *spanked her bare bottom*. Mrs Birtling *couldn't do that*. But she had. 'Tell your mother when she gets back if you want to,' Mrs Hitler-Birtling had informed her. Mrs Birtling *had* remembered those cheeky remarks, she had referred to them. The primary reason, though, was Sharon's yoga display. 'What *ever* do you think you are doing, Sharon?' she had ranted.

plained, said nothing. Stood there and watched.

* * *

'Nothing,' Sharon said in reply to Mr Alright's query. They were in the back seat of his car in that quiet little lane that he liked to take her to. Sharon should have been out with Derek this evening but Mr Alright had insisted. She didn't feel like it. *Not after Mrs Birtling.*



was? Hitler or someone?

'Anyway what?' asked Mr Alright, hot-faced and indeed hot all over from the intimate proximity of Sharon and her body and his, as yet this evening, frustrated need to enjoy it.

No, Sharon was *not* going to tell that

'Strip shows in my lounge. What next?' And the next thing Sharon knew she was over Mrs Birtling's lap. Mrs Birtling was a large, strong woman. Mr Birtling, who should have backed Sharon up and ex-

Sharon could still feel Mrs Birtling's hard hand cracking humiliatingly down onto her bare bottom.

'No,' she said again. Mr Alright, though, was not in a mood to take no for an answer. He insisted. And what can a girl do when her boss has her in the back seat of his car and *insists*?

'I've got to get back,' she said right afterwards. Struggling her knickers up for the second time in a couple of hours but of course in two very different situations. 'That Mrs Birtling that I'm staying with. She's a real bug...a real tartar.'

after another. First Sharon standing on her head and showing off her puss and then Sharon upside down over Mavis's lap with her knickers down and Mavis's hand cracking down in piledriver strokes. Unbelievable! Tremendous yelps and squeals from Sharon and her marvellous bare bum squirming this way and that and rapidly turning a bright red hue. Absolutely fantastic.

Harry said what he thought. It did not greatly surprise Mavis. But there was no denying what Harry said. A second dose *would* be highly beneficial.

Sharon had been told to be back for 9.30. 'And don't be late, my girl. I can see we are going to need to be strict with you.' Sharon, after what had happened did not intend to be late. Mrs Birtling was



Harry Birtling: 'Well done, gal. Very well done. You let her have it and no mistake. She won't forget that in a hurry.'

Harry could see again the stunning scene. It had been one stunning scene

Mavis gave a grunt of satisfaction. It had indeed been a highly satisfying experience. 'I still don't know what she thought she was doing, the young huzzy. Yoga?'

'She said something of that sort. Young minx. What I think is...'

a large and powerful woman, much too much for a slimmish 19 year old girl to consider taking on. Mavis in fact had to go out later so she would not be in when Sharon got back. That was alright, though, there was Harry. Harry would be in and Harry had said that he might get on with that 'second dose' he had

spoken of. Strike while the iron was hot.

But Sharon did not get her second dose. Not a second dose of spanking at least. Harry was all set to deliver it but Sharon, with Mrs Birtling not around, suggested something else. Well, it would be a lot better than another dreadful



spanking and after all Mr Alright had just done it. Mr Birtling, Sharon was sure, fancied her, like all men seemed to fancy her. And also, she thought, it would in a way pay Mrs Birtling back.

Harry, after some furtive glances around, as if perhaps the walls, the furniture, might have eyes, was prepared to accept this alternative. Yes, definitely. There was a whole hour before Mavis returned.





A FAMILY BUSINESS

'I'm sorry but I d-don't think Mr Oliver will b-be back until three —'

The cane tap-taps urgently **across the girl's bare smooth buttocks** and she turns her blush-cheeked face up to Mr Oliver's to check that three o'clock will be —

Mr Oliver's lips make the words 'three thirty'.

'Er — three thirty. N-no, I'm afraid I d-don't know where to reach him —' Mr Oliver's cane strokes approvingly up and down, caressing the firm out-thrust of Janet's bum.

'Y-yes, I'm fine, thank you — oh — well it's j-just that I think I'm going to sn-sneeze —' The cane desists from it's

stroking and draws back.

'Yes, I'll t-tell him —' Mr Oliver's cane swipes wickedly across and around the girl's plump young bottom. She jolts hard against the desk and snorts a barely-contained squeal into the telephone, her thighs squeezing frantically together and her toes shoving sharply at the floor.

'Th-thank you' she manages, as the caller says 'Bless you,' and 'N-no I w-won't forget —' as her bottom feels the cane's aim-taking 'tappity-tap' and 'y-yes, I think there's another one come —!'

There is; it arrives, low and fast, catching the girl's shivery bottom across the fullness of the firm undercurves of her



cheeks.

'Bless you my dear,' says the caller. 'Perhaps you ought to ask Mr Oliver to let you go home, when he comes back —' There is a clatter as the receiver bangs down against the desk, still clutched in Janet's white-knuckled hand.

'Hello? Hello —' With tears starting from her eyes, Janet bites furiously at her finger to stop herself from blubbing. 'Hello —' He is still there when Janet has controlled herself enough to be able to speak to him.

'Oooh—s-sorry —' her soft lips tremble near the mouthpiece and tears roll silently down her fiery cheeks. 'Sorry —'

The cane taps again. 'I-I'll...have to go now — I'll give Mr Oliver your mess —' She clamps her free hand over the telephone and squeals loudly as another stinging cane-mark blossoms angrily across her wriggling bum-cheeks. There is a long pause before Janet's thin, wobbly voice bleats 'Good-goodbye,' and the receiver is replaced on the rest.

Janet brushes her hair from her face where it is sticking wetly to her tear-damp cheeks, then she reaches fumblingly back for the desk's edge which she is supposed to be holding. She holds her head up, gasping, gulping back tears, and the cane smacks firmly across her but-

tocks, not a full-blooded stroke but enough to make her clamp her bottom lip between her teeth and screw her eyes tightly shut.

'Right then — perhaps we can get back to caning you properly, eh?' The cane smacks again. 'Now — get it up, girl — come on — right up!'

The cane flicks one firm fleshed buttock and is then positioned as a horizontal datum line some four inches above Janet's cheek-tweaky bottom. The girl hollows her back and lifts her bum, straining with straight legs and firm-muscl'd thighs to elevate her soft tender bottom to the required height. Her tum-

my leaves the desk-top as she struggles to achieve the fleeting rendezvous between hot, well-caned bottom-cheeks and the cane's cool and slender length. With a muted gasp she just manages to nudge one cheek, then the burning crown of the other, then, as is expected of her, the crimsoned summits of both bum-cheeks at once, up against the cane. She grips the desk and sobs breathlessly and the cane is raised and brought down once more, squarely across her pert, up-raised bum.

When the telephone rings again it is three thirty two. Janet, who meanwhile

has been left for a time bottom-up across the desk 'to think about it', is in a considerably more dishevelled state than she was when last the telephone demanded her attention. Her skirt, which had been lying in rough pleats in the small of her back, is now thrust up to shoulder height, the waistband has come undone, and her blouse, at first crisp and neat has been shoved up her back along with the skirt. Her bra-strap is tight across her shoulder blades and her round handful-sized breasts, only partly cupped by a pale pink brassiere, are pressed softly against cool wood. Her knickers have descended to

below knee level and are presently inhibiting the rather frantic kicking motions she is making, Mr Oliver having returned and dealt her plump tender-looking bottom a crisp stroke with his cane.

Tears which had ceased to flow are prompted almost instantly into full flood again, and Janet's hands are flailing desperately behind her in an attempt to ward off any further applications of the cane to her squirming, tweaking-together bum-cheeks.

'Answer the 'phone, Janet' comes Mr Oliver's teasing, almost mocking voice.

'Ooo-ohhh —' Janet gropes for the in-



strument, knocking it to the desk before she manages to grasp it.

'Hello — feeling better now, my dear?' Janet gulps snottily and stumbles out an apologetic negative. She listens momentarily then holds the 'phone up and back for Mr Oliver to take. She lies face down and hides her face in her hands, weeping plaintively, not listening to Mr Oliver's conversation. Then the cane tap-taps her flinching bottom again.

'Up, please, Janet'. Gasping, sobbing, she reaches back for the desk's edge and hollows her back once more, lifting her hips, elevating two hot and trembly but-

tocks to the cane's dread touch. She doesn't notice that the telephone has not been replaced on its cradle, but lies beside it, not far from her pretty, flushing face. Mr Oliver's cane sweeps down again, and Janet's bleating squeal of protest is carried down the 'phone line to the caller's ear.

That gentleman listens with rapt attention for the next several minutes while Janet is given the balance of her punishment, then, when there is nothing more to be heard from the other end of the line, the 'phone is replaced and an intercom buzzer is pressed.

'Miss Dawes — make a note please. Mr Oliver's new assistant, Miss Lloyd, is to be reassigned to Accounts next week. If she's to learn anything at all of how we work she'll have to gain experience in as many departments as possible.'

No good having young blood in the family business if the new people didn't learn the way it all worked, from the bottom up. He smiles at his joke. Miss Dawes comes back to life on the intercom.

'Will that be all, Mr Lloyd?'

'Yes, thank you, Miss Dawes.'



Dear Editor,
Thanks for the wonderful magazine 'Supplement No. 18'!! Photos and stories to be look and read with great pleasure.

But sometimes I find, that all things goes the old english traditional way — most readers enjoy, like me!

What about some drawings, individual — or as series, showing the undressing before the chastisement till the wriggling on the carpet afterwards...

Photos: why not showing the girls caning in a view from the ceiling?

Or from ground-level?

Long girls legs would be longer the more, ending...?

An unusual and exciting view!

What do you think about an old german implement: a small carpet-beater, about 60 centimeters long, very pliable and especially: rising nice patterns on unblemished female rear flesh!

Look at the polaroid-photo I enclose.

A new idea about a story with a titilate effect — imagine:

There is a girl about nineteen, nice, black-haired and with an enormous bosom, wagglng all the day in her bra.

She lives in her uncles house — and constantly try to hide her charms from the eager eyes of her uncle, knowing too well, that he tries on the contrary.

But the only chance not only to see more of her but to feel and touch her is to chastise her, and so he does, regularly and thoroughly, taking always a long time, a reason always found.

So on this Friday afternoon:

He orders her into the kitchen, where she has to undress to her underwear — a nice white bra, overflowing, half transparent, matching garterbelt with rim stockings and breath-taking pink see-through knickers, that not only the mass of black pubic hair is clearly to be seen through but looking out on either side of the gusset...

He enjoy this picture — and she knows it, taking her nicest panties in her desperate hope, that he would allow her to keep this little garment

on...

But he sends her out of the kitchen to the wardrobe outside to fetch this awful swishy cane, hanging beside the small carpet-beater to be seen for everyones eyes.

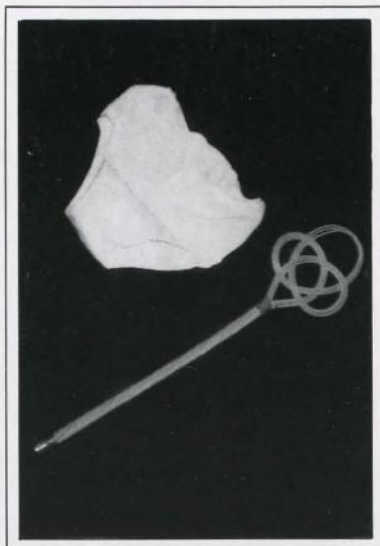
So to the workman, who looks with great eyes to this buxom young lady, who walks up to him with bouncing breasts in this nice underwear.

She for herself frightens, as she has complete forgotten that he was in the house.

The other times she was sent for the cane she would go very slowly to win time for — at least nothing.

But now she don't know what to do — and taking with a fast movement the cane from the wardrobe she failed it and so it clatters to the ground.

She bends for it, showing all her nice body movements to this strange man — and hurried back with wobbling bottom — what is against her will: the hurry and the wobbling. Return



ning back in the kitchen she sees, that her uncle has prepared the room for her: he has drawn the table in the middle of the room and put a pillow-roll on the middle of this furniture.

She knows at once how this time caning would be carried out.

All begging is in vain: she has to take down her knickers to the right form and the right place: inside out and just below the stocking rims.

Then she has to climb on the table and lie flat on it — the pillow just below to rise her bottom as the highest point of her body.

She has to hold the edge of the table, squashing her big tits on the wood,

that they seem to burst.

He walks round the table, enjoying the sight and making some adjustments as to open her legs as wide as the lowered knickers will allow. Then he lets her wait, no hurry to begin.'

He stands beside her, lectures her, painting with the tip of the cane on her bottom, enjoying the spasmodically clenching and unclenching of her nates, no wonder by this nerve-stretching play...

Now to lengthen the preparing he unclasp the back suspender straps on both sides, offering many occasions to touch such exciting flesh and underwear...

He search for the canemarks — and find them on the right side of the overhang from the last chastisement — near the loose dangling suspender strap.

He also search for the spot, where last time his cane hit the metal-clip of her that time fastened suspender, twist it and made a nice picture later on: the cane-weal was interrupted there and — thought undressed — the clip was clearly to be seen as an impression on the soft female skin where the wicked cane had digged the clip deep in her flesh. But this mark had faded.

He lays the cane on her buttocks telling her to wait for a moment.

In no hurry he goes out to the workman, giving him new instructions for his work — taking more time to let her waiting on the kitchen-table.

When he returns he sees that the girl is fidget at the most. Her nates are shaking and trembling incessant. The right time to begin with his handiwork:

He takes the cane, and tipping her cheeks lightly he swishes it through the air with a loud noise — without hitting her, enjoying her dreadful clenching of her nates.

Then he goes to the small side of the table at her head and holding her at the back strap of her bra he lays the cane from the upholstered left cheek down the leg, ending at her lowered panties.

The following scene is always the same when girls get their canings: the jerking, rolling, kicking of legs, and here the flying of her unfastened suspenders, the noise of bursting

knicker-seams when this lowered garment is stretched and nearly torn by the legs, spreading out and slamming together.

And to her upper body:

The tear-streamed face, coming up and down, heaving her full breast in a wobbly way — and down again, squashing her tits on the table to a fleshy balloon before rising again.

Screams and yelling as usual — confirming, that he does his work very good.

No wonder: the cane always finds sensitive places, as every stroke meets the undercurve — and down the legs, producing more longer weals than be caned over both cheeks from the side. He places the strokes not only on the upside of her cheek and the backside of her leg but the outside and inside of this vulnerable flesh — the result is at once to be seen and heard. The weals running down her legs, half disappear under her stocking, but yet clearly visible through the thin garment. And soon it is laddered.

He only canes her on the left cheek and leg — letting her right side unblemished.

Next he unclasp her bra, observing the more wobbling and dangling of her freed breasts, the orbs he likes so much with their oversized nipples, a breathtaking view: seeming that her tits belong to her body, following the desperate movements — but seeming to have a life of their own.

Then he takes the opportunity he waited for to touch her: squeezing and fumbling with his left hand her right breast, pulling at her nipple like to milk her, then he takes the attractive mammaries with a strong grip and continued the chastisement.

A new situation was coming up: the other times, when she was caned, she cried and begged like most girls do to be let off, to be a good girl, to do it never again or other useless phrases — but now?

Again and again she pleaded him to take the other side...her right side, the one without any weal. And he?

He promised her to fulfil her wish, tomorrow, same time, same room, same table and same cane...

With that he ended the punishment for this day and inspected thoroughly his handiwork.

When she is eventually allowed to left the table he orders her out to replace the cane.

And with stiffy legs she stumbles out, cane in her right hand and bra in her left, trying to rub her cheek to ease the pain, bra dangling up and down.

Her knickers slide down her silky legs — she didn't notice — not till it reached her feet, then she stumbles and nearly fall to the ground, breasts waving frantically.

She didn't notice the workman, starting with great eyes and open mouth this appearance he never had seen before.

She only deals with her pain — and with the prospect of the fearful promise for the next day...

What do you think about a tantalizing story like that before?

Please tell us a story with an erotic effect sometimes.

Think about the old english traditional way — what is good — but this would be of great interest for many other readers, I think.

I have some more ideas.

Are you interested?

I need no thank — but perhaps you have something for me, an unusual magazine or photos, you cannot print in your editions — perhaps like the story before...

Please give me a short message if you are interested in further ideas.

And: please excuse my bad english style and words — but I can better read than write...

Gerhard K., W. Germany

Dear Sir,
I enjoyed Issue Eighteen of Uniform Girls in which nurses figure as the subjects of corporal punishment. Perhaps it is the contrast between her stiff and starchy exterior, and the soft femininity which lies beneath, that makes the spanking or caning of a nurse so exciting. In manner and appearance she is the symbol of authority; but once stripped of her dignity she is as submissive as any other female — perhaps more so, being accustomed to discipline. It is quite possible,

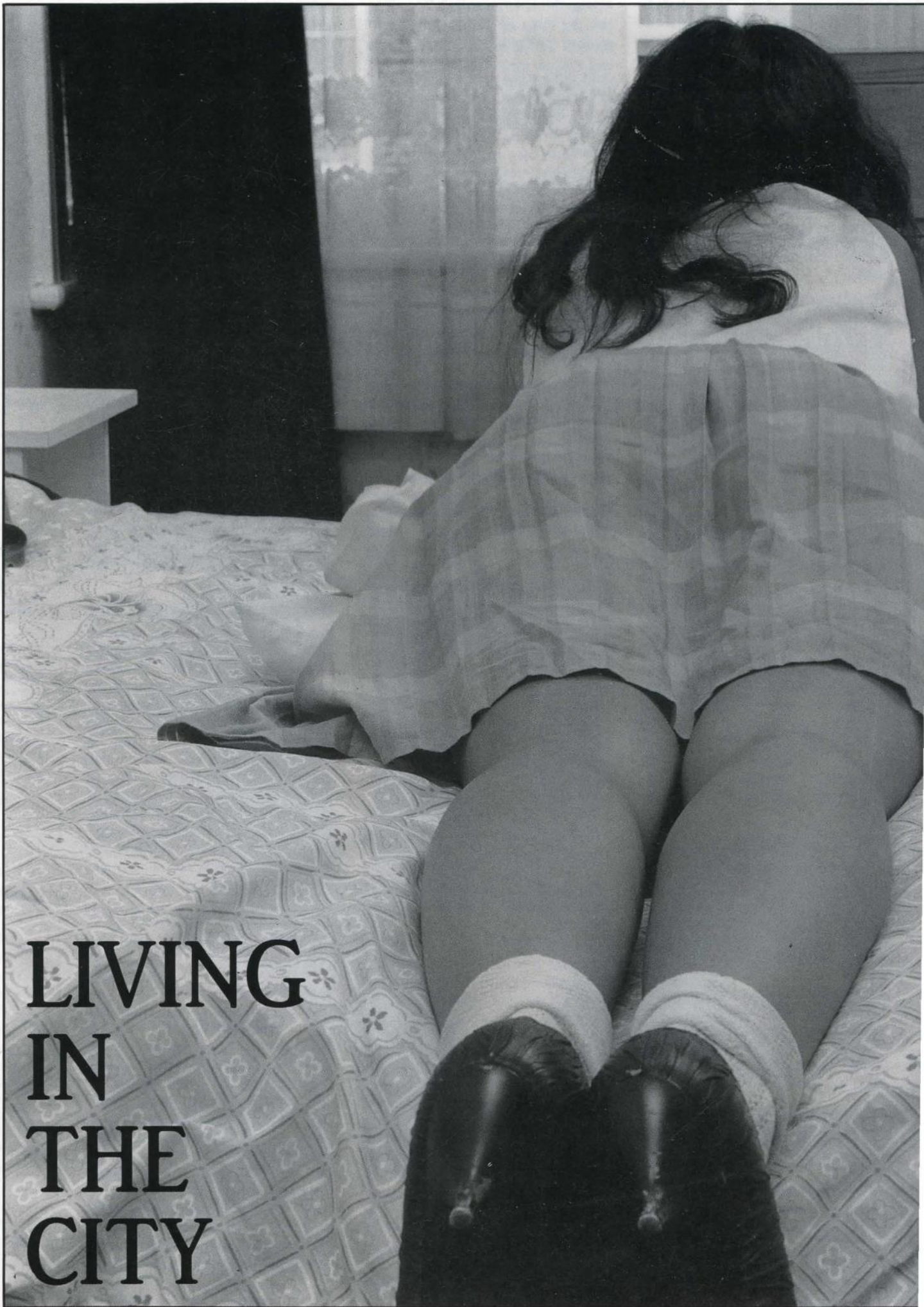
moreover, as one of your contributors suggest, that at some stage in her career, or her training, she has already had her knickers taken down for a bare bottom thrashing.

However, nurses are not the only women who wear uniform, so let's hear about the others. What about those in the armed forces? Which reminds me that during the war, when I served in the Navy, I had under my command for a time at a shore station a company of Wrens. They included several officers and about thirty 'ratings', as the other ranks were called. The officers were all good-looking, as there were always more volunteers than vacancies and the Navy could take its pick. Although the senior Wren officer was responsible for discipline punishments could only be awarded by myself. Under naval regulations the usual ones were extra duty or loss of pay or leave. The last was the one most feared and I soon discovered that rather than suffer it some of the ratings would accept the alternative of a caning. This, of course, was not countenanced officially, but it was common practise during the war.

The punishment was administered by the Senior Wren Officer in her own quarters, the number of strokes being authorised by myself. The usual quota was six, but it could be increased for serious offences or repeated wrong doing. The culprit dressed in 'boat-rig' — that is jumper and trousers — had to bend over and clasp her ankles. It was not considered proper for myself to be present, but if the girl who was being beaten was sufficiently attractive I would look in on the pretext of seeing fair play done and a very enjoyable spectacle it could be.

The officers of course, could not be punished, other than by reprimand, or being reported to their own woman commandant. However, I was determined to break this rule and got the opportunity when one girl, a red-head with a lovely figure, was reported to me for staying out all night after a ship's party. I gave her the choice of being reported to the commandant, or being 'dealt' with or myself, and she opted for the latter. I then ordered her to hoise her skirt and bend over a table, and gave her 'six of the best' with a whippy cane over her knickers. She took it well, but was sobbing pitifully at the end, and I made it up to her by taking her out to dinner. Not so good for discipline, perhaps, but there...

A.G. Somerset



LIVING
IN
THE
CITY



Should she write: And on the train yesterday a man pinched my bottom? He had. A feel, quite a lengthy feel of her bottom, and then a sharp little pinch at the end. A man, a stranger, on the Underground train, the Northern Line which she had to take to get to work, or in this case come back from work. The train crowded with commuters and no chance of getting a seat. If she had been able to get a seat of course she would have been able to sit on what the man had been feeling and then pinched through her tight grey skirt and her thin knickers underneath. But there had certainly been no seats vacant and so her bottom had been there, free and available to the man and he had taken full advantage. She hadn't been able to move, crowded up against other passengers front and back. In front she had her hands and her bag as protection but you couldn't put your hand behind you to protect your bottom. She had never had that before, a stranger feeling her bottom, but then she hadn't been here before, London. Not to be properly here at least, working. She had been on a couple of trips, but no one had felt her bottom or pinched it on those visits. For one thing she hadn't had to travel on the Underground at rush hour.

She wouldn't really put it in her letter of course. Mark would not want to know about her getting her bottom pinched. He would *hate* to know. He would get angry and try to order her to come back. He had been very much against her coming and getting this job in the first place and it would no doubt confirm all his fears and prejudices. Dreadful London which was what a lot of people in the north thought. She didn't think that herself. It was exciting, though a bit scary. As for having her bottom felt up, that had been sort of scary too. Did all girls get it on the Underground? Would she get it again today?

She looked out of the window. Back gardens and houses opposite. It was early, 7 o'clock, a slightly misty morning but clear enough, not all smoke like some people back home thought. She would finish her letter and then it would be time to get ready to leave for work. Nothing about the man pinching her bottom but a bit about her new job at the library and the people there including Mr Baxter, her boss. And of course Mr Windle here, her landlord.

They were a similar age, 50 or so. They both seemed very friendly and helpful, on first acquaintance at least. Perhaps they felt a fatherly interest in her. Mr Windle had wanted to know how old she was; Mr Baxter knew that already from her application for the job. Nineteen. Mr Baxter had said yesterday, 'You're even prettier than I remember at the interview.' Linda had blushed at that. He wanted to know if she had found somewhere nice to stay — while Mr Windle wanted to know about her job.

And as it happened they both said the same thing: 'A pretty girl on her own has to be careful in the big city. There are men who will take advantage of her.'

That of course was what Mark thought. Did having your bottom felt up and pinched on the Underground count as being taken advantage of? Probably not, she didn't think that was what Mr Baxter and Mr Windle meant, it was probably something worse. Anyway she didn't intend to go out with anyone here in London. She had taken the job to earn some money and perhaps see a bit of life but that didn't have to include going out with young men. She had Mark and she intended to write to him every day.

Linda finished her letter and sealed it. She would have written last night but had felt too tired after her first day. She would post it on her way to the Underground station.

At lunchtime Mr Baxter took her out to the pub for a drink. The other staff at the library were two older women and they went off shopping, so it was just Linda and Mr Baxter. 'To celebrate the start of my pretty new assistant,' he said. Sitting in the corner of the pub gave Mr Baxter the opportunity to ask Linda more questions about herself. He seemed very interested in her, very nice and friendly. When they got back to the library afterwards, going in the door, Mr Baxter patted her bottom.

'You've got a lovely shape,' he told her.

Linda did have a nice shape, slim but nicely rounded in all the right places. Nice firm tits and of course her bottom was very shapely too. That bottom that the man on the train had been feeling and which Mr Baxter had now patted. Linda had half expected to have her bottom felt on the train this morning because it was very crowded again, standing room only, but thankfully no one had. **Mr Baxter's hand now patting her rear came as a little shock. He gave a little laugh.**

'Ever had it smacked? Properly smacked I mean?'

That was a little bit more of a shock. **Linda hadn't had her bottom smacked.** She shook her head, feeling herself flushing.

At the desk a few seconds later Mr Baxter said, 'Isn't that what happens to pretty girls when they make mistakes or something? They get their knickers taken down and their bottoms smacked?'

The flush got distinctly deeper. Linda didn't know what to answer. Mr Baxter had got slightly pink in the face as well. He gave another of those little laughs.

'Well, we'll have to see, won't we? **If you do make any mistakes.**'

Taking a trolley of books out to shelve Linda was all at once highly conscious of her bottom. It was not large, she knew that really although sometimes she thought it was. But she had a tight skirt on today and in a tight skirt a girl's bottom was more obvious. She could feel

Mr Baxter's eyes on it. She tried to walk without it swaying but of course you couldn't, girls' bottoms were made that way, they did sway, especially in a tight skirt. Mr Baxter could probably see the outline of her knickers through the skirt. **What he had said rolled around in her head: they get their knickers taken down.** It was a joke but it made her feel all hot and uncomfortable. Like the man with the hand on the train.

Going back home after work there was another man with a hand. Or conceivably the same man as yesterday, she hadn't dared to look round and see yesterday and she didn't today either. But there was a hand doing just the same thing. Feeling her bottom. The train was crowded again, like sardines, and he was taking full advantage of that fact. Holding a cheek of her bottom and jiggling it slightly.

Linda tried to think about something else, to ignore it, but of course you couldn't. You couldn't ignore a man doing that to you. She thought of turning round and confronting him, but she knew she wouldn't dare make a scene in the midst of all these other people. If she did turn round at least he wouldn't be able to get at her bottom any more — but she would have to look at him and she couldn't face even that. He might just stare at her...and start feeling something else.

It lasted for two whole stops. After that the crush thinned out somewhat and so the man couldn't keep pressed hard up behind her. At the end he gave her bottom a sharp pinch — like the man yesterday, maybe this same man. She didn't look round, for one thing she wouldn't really know who had done it what with the general movement in the train. And she didn't want to see who this man was who had been taking these liberties with her.

Back in her room making herself something to eat Linda could still feel the man's hand at her bottom. The sensation was stronger than yesterday even though to a certain extent she had been ready for it today, had half expected it. It was a funny sort of feeling, making her knees tremble and her heart race. It was unpleasant, nasty, but at the same time exciting in a way that was not wholly unpleasant. And there was Mr Baxter too, saying what he had said and, she knew, fixing his eyes on her bottom after he had said it. And then...

Mr Windle. A bit later when she was thinking of starting a letter to Mark, Mr Windle looked in and said would she like to come down and watch TV. She said OK, wanting to be on friendly terms with him. Downstairs Mr Windle's TV was on but the sound was turned low and what Mr Windle really wanted to do was talk. Asking about the job and also more questions about back home. It was a lot like Mr Baxter had been at the pub and also any other odd times during the day





whenever there was an opportunity. Mr Windle and Mr Baxter were a lot alike. Linda was thinking this precise thought when Mr Windle embarked on the very same tack that Mr Baxter had taken. **Smacked bottoms.**

Had Linda ever had her bottom smacked?

Almost the same words Mr Baxter had used. Was it some kind of telepathy or something? In some confusion Linda shook her head. **Mr Windle's hand reached across and squeezed her thigh.**

'I thought pretty girls had to have their bottoms smacked now and then. To make sure they keep on the straight and narrow.'

There wasn't anything you could say — as there hadn't been when Mr Baxter had said that sort of thing. Linda tried to laugh but not much of a laugh came out. **She could suddenly picture herself over Mr Windle's lap, with her knickers down, Mr Windle spanking her bare bottom. Then it wasn't Mr Windle doing it but Mr Baxter. And then that awful man on the train. She tried to change the subject: something about the programme on the TV, a quiz show. Mr Windle didn't answer, he was thinking about spanking her bottom, she just knew.**

As soon as she could Linda excused herself, saying she had to go up and write her letter. Mr Windle got up too. He went to the door with her, to open it, only at first he didn't open it but held it closed. He was very close to her. Smiling, he said, **'Tell him that if you're a naughty girl you're going to get your bottom smacked.'**

As Mr Windle said this his hand came in to Linda's bottom. Not a pat like Mr Baxter but more like the man on the train. A feel. A quick grope. Not keeping his hand there like on the train but a feel nonetheless. Then he pulled the door open for her. Going up the stairs Linda almost tripped over, she didn't seem to know where her feet were.

* * *

Two days later. Lunchtime, at the pub again with Mr Baxter. Sitting with his glass of bitter in front of him Mr Baxter said, 'I bet you can't guess who I was talking to last night?'

For a second Mark came to mind but then Linda knew it wouldn't be Mark and she knew almost immediately who it would be. She shook her head but she knew. And Mr Baxter said it.

'Your landlord. Mr Windle. Yes, we had quite a nice little chat.' Smiling. 'About you of course.'

She was flushing, her face hot. Why had he called Mr Windle? And what had they been talking about? It couldn't be...but of course it *could*.

They had both managed to raise that same subject again yesterday. Both jokingly saying similar things. **'Pretty girls have to be careful they don't get their**





bottoms smacked.' 'Are you *sure* you've never had it smacked, Linda?' That sort of thing. Linda had had to go along with it and act as if it was funny but it wasn't funny, not at all. And she could sense that neither Mr Baxter nor Mr Windle really thought it was funny either. They said it because they knew it embarrassed her. And they also said it because they wanted to do it. She tried to tell herself that was silly but she couldn't help thinking it nonetheless. So now when Mr Baxter said he had been talking to Mr Windle Linda went all hot and cold. But there was more to come. Mr Baxter smiling his smug smile.

'Yes, and guess what. You're going to have a visitor this evening.'

No! He couldn't mean it! But Mr Baxter did: he was coming round to Mr Windle's that evening.

He *couldn't*. He just *couldn't*. Well, if he does come I'll certainly go out, Linda told herself. But she couldn't. Mr Windle wouldn't let her. When she got back Mr Windle confirmed that Mr Baxter was coming round. 'For a cup of tea and a chat,' and when she said, 'Well actually I was planning to go out,' Mr Windle said she couldn't. Mr Baxter was coming round and he would expect to see her.

On the train home today that man — or a man — had felt up her bottom again. Yesterday the hand hadn't been there on the train but it was today. it somehow seemed like a scary omen for Mr Baxter's visit. Mr Baxter had patted her bottom a couple of times at work today and yesterday. Mr Windle hadn't done any more groping, but anyway yesterday Linda hadn't seen him, he had been out. But what were he and Mr Baxter going to do tonight?

She felt a desperate urge, if she couldn't go out, to lock herself in her room, but Linda knew that wasn't possible either. Only half conscious of what she was doing she changed into a pair of jeans. When she did think about it she knew why it was: she would be safer in jeans. In a skirt you could just be grabbed and the skirt pulled up. Whereas in jeans...but it wasn't logical: what was to stop him, whoever it was, taking your jeans down? Mr Baxter holding her while Mr Windle took them down. Linda shook her head. She felt awful; all tense and trembly. Maybe Mr Baxter wouldn't come after all. Anyway it was ridiculous thinking those things.

But Mr Baxter *was* coming, and soon after 8 she heard him arrive. And a couple of minutes later Mr Windle was calling up to her. She had to go down. There they were, the two of them, in the lounge. Linda felt a sudden need to go to the loo.

Mr Windle said, 'Well, look here. Our pretty young lady's in jeans. What d'you think of that, George?'

Mr Baxter said, 'Not a lot, Frank. I regard jeans as rather slovenly wear for

a girl. Especially a pretty girl. No I don't think much of jeans on a girl. Although they do show off young Linda's bottom very effectively.'

'They do show off her bottom but I don't like jeans either. Well, perhaps we should take them off her then. And then we could give that pretty bottom a spanking. To teach her that girls *shouldn't* wear jeans, especially when she has a visitor.'

They were joking, they had to be. Linda, red-faced of course, tried to laugh. But the two men weren't laughing. Mr Baxter said, 'Well, what's it to be, Linda? Do you want to go back up and change or shall Mr Windle and I do what's needed?'

They couldn't be serious — but they were. She said, 'Look...' Then, 'OK then...' She turned. Mr Windle got up off his seat. 'If you don't mind, George, I'll go up and supervise. Make sure she puts on something suitable.' Mr Baxter said, 'I think that's a very sound idea, Frank.'

And so there was Mr Windle following close behind as Linda went up the stairs. No doubt with his eyes glued to the seat of her tight-stretched jeans. It was difficult to believe this was happening. Mr Windle close behind still as she went back in her room. Linda said 'Look...' weakly as he closed the door after them.

A sharp smack on the seat of the jeans. 'No looks, Linda my girl. Just get those jeans off. Now then...'

He went over to her drawers and began looking through them. How could this be happening? She should tell him not to be ridiculous, a joke was a joke...but Linda knew it wasn't a joke, and if she didn't do it herself Mr Windle would do it. Her hands went to the waistband of her jeans. Slowly she slid them down.

Mr Windle had found her little pink-and-grey check skirt. Also a pair of white ankle socks. Her black medium heel courts. 'I think Mr Baxter will like you in this,' he said. 'You can keep that blouse on.' His eyes of course were fixed on Linda's knickers, and her bare thighs. What he could see of her knickers, that is, because Linda's hands had come across to cover herself. Mr Windle moved in close and his hand just grabbed her bottom in the brief white knickers. A no-nonsense grab that didn't immediately let go. Linda squealed.

'Come on then, get these on.'

He let go and she grabbed for the skirt.

When she had got the things on Mr Windle said, 'Now then. Now then, Linda, what I think...' He took hold of her arm.

What Mr Windle thought was that before they went down he should give her a spanking on the bed. For wearing the jeans in the first place. Linda could see from his eyes that he meant it. She tried to twist away — but there was anyway nowhere to go and downstairs





there was Mr Baxter who without doubt had the same sort of idea. 'No, you can't,' she squealed.

But Mr Windle could. He was pulling her over to the bed, one hand on her arm and the other up her skirt at her bottom. She had *known* something like this was going to happen, impossible though it was. Mr Windle made her lie on the bed, face down. Stretched out. He pushed a cushion under her hips, to raise her bottom up.

'That's better. Any girl needs a taste of discipline now and then, Linda. And Mr Baxter and I are in full agreement that you are overdue for it.'

Of course they would be because they both wanted to do it. Somehow she had just landed up with two men who were really keen on doing that and there seemed to be no way she could stop them. Just as there was no way she could stop that man on the train. Linda made a wailing sound into the bedcover. Mr Windle's voice again.

'Lift your skirt up, Linda. And then slide your knickers down.'

She mumbled 'No...' shaking her head. Something hit the back of her leg. A painful, stinging hit. Twisting her head she saw it was one of her sandals, in Mr Windle's hand. 'No!' she yelped, more frantically. Mr Windle hit her again. Linda's hands went to her skirt this time. Dragging it up. And then her knickers...

Mr Windle grabbed one of her arms, her wrist, twisting it behind her back. Not painful but if she tried to move it was painful. He had her where he wanted her, where he had wanted her ever since she arrived. On her back with her skirt up round her waist and her knickers halfway down her thighs. Her bottom bare and she couldn't move.

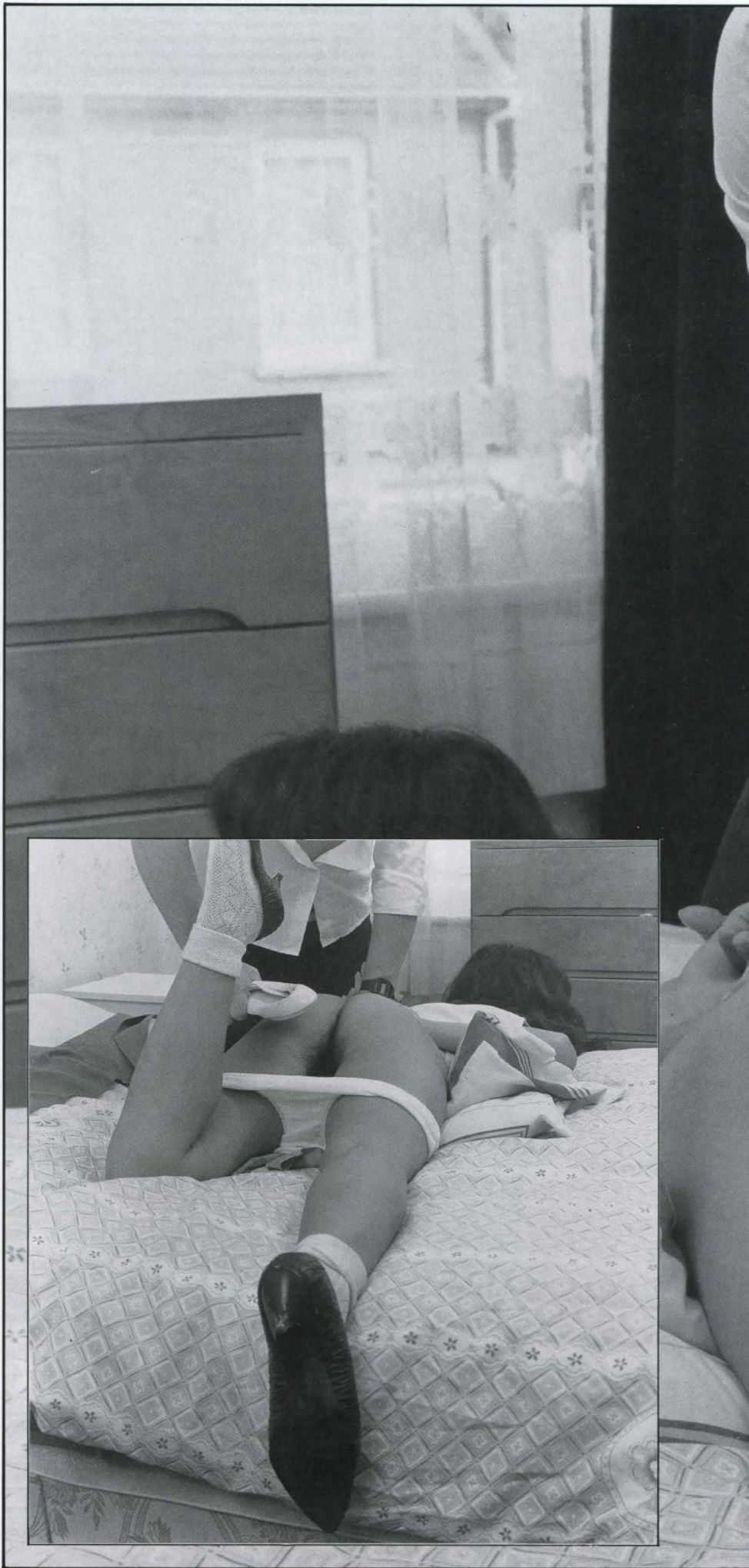
The sole of the sandal cracked down, squarely onto Linda's defenceless bottom. She yelled out. It cracked down again. And again...and again...her legs were flailing, her bottom clenching, writhing, but she couldn't otherwise move. Gasping squeals into the bedspread. Her poor bottom was red hot. At every stroke it was getting even hotter.

'Don't get up,' Mr Windle told her when at last he had finished. 'Stay there please.'

Linda couldn't move anyway. She was stunned, all the breath knocked out of her. Her poor bottom felt like raw meat. How could he do that? But of course it wasn't over. Mr Windle was calling down to Mr Baxter.

* * *

That night Linda had a dream about the man on the train. He groped her bottom again and this time he whispered in her ear, 'You like this, don't you?' She said No but he said, 'Yes you do, I know you do.' He kept on groping and then he said,







'Now I want you to take your knickers off.'

Linda said No she couldn't possibly but he said she had to and so with all the other commuters close around she had to take her knickers off. The other people could see what she was doing, they were all looking at her. 'That's better,' the man said. He began groping again, this time her bare bottom.

This went on for quite a while. The train was going on and on, all the way back home to Yorkshire. The next thing the man was saying, **'Does anyone think she needs a spanking?'** And several men in the train said, 'Yes, she does.'

They made space so that the man could sit down. He took Linda over his lap and began spanking her bare bottom. He was still doing it when the train arrived at its

destination. Mark got on the train. A man said to Mark, **'She gets this all the time in London. Every day. At her job and at her digs as well.'**

It was a really nasty dream. Linda woke up all shaky. It was a dream but it wasn't a lot worse than reality. The man with the hand would probably be on the train again today. And this evening Mr Baxter was coming round again.







COMING SOON IN SUPPLEMENT 21

'Over his lap, with her hands down on the carpet. 'We must learn to obey *immediately*,' Mr Ingleton gently told her.

The slipper cracked in again, this time into the tight, brief seat of the pants. She yelled out. As she had anticipated it was a whole lot worse than his hand. The slipper sliced in again. And again. There was a break. But it was only Mr Ingleton unfastening the ties at her hips holding the front and back of

the garment together. He was pulling it off. Marion's bottom was bare. The slipper splatted in again.

Shrieks and yelps as Mr Ingleton continued, until he was quite sure Marion had had what she needed. Then she could have her coffee, sitting on the settee on her bare, slipper-reddened bottom with Mr Ingleton acting as if it was all the most natural thing in the world.'

